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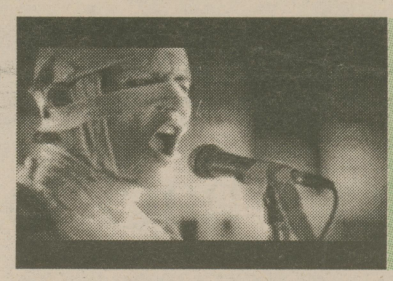
Students grade school

page three



Look out MuchMusic

page thirteen

Overgrown babies for 57 years.

MARTLET

Thursday, October 21, 2004 | The University of Victoria's Independent Newspaper | www.martlet.ca | Volume 57, Issue 11

Trying to be bohemian in B.C.

pages 10 & 11

Blood Services back on campus

by Tim Hanson

TIM HANSON PHOTO

Heather Doty decides that it's in her to give during Canadian Blood Services' blood drive Oct. 14 in the SUB.

Canadian Blood Services (CBS), once banned from the SUB, returned last week to collect blood and blood products from student donors.

While few students were turned away, some were denied the opportunity to donate blood because of their responses to certain questions on a controversial screening survey.

The CBS questionnaire has for years discriminated against certain individuals wanting to donate blood, not for participating in dangerous practices but for being a member of a high-risk group.

Question 18 reads: "Male donors: Have you had sex with a man, even one time since 1977?" and question 19 reads: "Female donors: In the past 12 months have you had sex with a man who had sex, with a man even one time since 1977?"

These questions, while screening out potentially dangerous donors, perpetuate the myth that sexually transmitted diseases and blood-borne infections are problems only for the queer community.

"I don't agree with the questions and would support anyone who would boycott them," said Shawna Loge, chairperson of the Pride Collective, a social and political group at UVic that advocates on behalf of queer students. It was these questions that prompted the Pride Collective to petition the University of Victoria Students' Society (UVSS) to ban CBS from the SUB until two years ago.

"The questions are really homophobic and need to be changed," said Michelle Kinney, UVSS resource co-ordinator. "The questions don't address the changing demographics in students. Heterosexual women are becoming the group at the greatest risk and all they pretty much get is a slap on the wrist."

The current CBS questionnaire asks questions aimed at identifying a person's demographic instead of questions pertaining to safe-sex practices. The questionnaire highlights homosexual men, intravenous drug users, prostitutes and recent visitors to the U.K., Europe and several African countries as unsuitable for donation.

In addition to screening its donors, CBS currently uses nucleic acid testing technology, antibody testing and antigen testing to ensure the security of Canada's blood supply.

Jen Anthony, then the provincial representative for the Canadian Federation of Students in Newfoundland-Labrador, sat on the steering committee of the Consensus Conference in Ottawa, November 2001. The conference centred on the problem between the donor-screening process and blood-borne diseases like HIV and hepatitis.

"I argued that dangerous actions needed to be screened and not just dangerous categories," said Anthony in a recent interview. "The questions misinformed the public and had the potential to taint the blood supply."

The expert consensus panel consisting of doctors, lawyers and health professionals from Canada and the U.S. deemed that the current methods of protecting the blood supply are safe given the current climate. In its report, the panel justified the use of a screening process by referencing the Charter of Rights and Freedoms as it pertains to the safety of the blood supply in Canada.

The donor questionnaire remains unchanged, and CBS has returned to the SUB. The UVSS rescinded the ban on CBS in 2002 because of an agreement struck between the two parties.

"We sat down with them and had a really big lobby session. The ban was lifted in exchange for an opportunity to change their policy," said Kinney. When asked whether the ban on CBS in the SUB should be reinstated, Kinney said that it should not. "But each time they come here, we should use the opportunity to lobby them further because there is enough backlash from students."

The balancing act between protecting the blood supply and avoiding the turning away of safe donors is a difficult one. Some, however, still feel that more can be done.

"There should be more pressure [from the UVSS] to change the questions," said Loge. "There's more than one place [on campus] that CBS can go. If they can't go in the SUB, surely there are other places they can go."

COLIN SWAN PHOTO

Marsha Carew is upset that Campus Security didn't call the police.

Student says res window shot by pellet gun

by Colin Swan

A residence student says that Campus Security Services (CSS) didn't do enough when her window was shot by a pellet gun.

On the evening of Oct. 12, Marsha Carew, a resident of the Ring Road dormitory, was in her room when a shot from what she believes was a pellet gun came through her window.

"I heard a very loud crack," said Carew. "I looked at the window glass, and there was a small circular hole in the glass. It had penetrated one sheet of the double-sealed window but not the second. Small shards of glass had fallen inside the double panes."

Carew immediately contacted CSS and two security officers arrived. They were unable to find what caused the hole and recorded the incident as vandalism.

"They told me I would get a new window. They did not advise me to call the police."

The following day, Carew called CSS and asked if there would be a follow-up. She was told that maintenance would replace the window but that the situation would not be further pursued.

Concerned that not enough was being done, Carew later contacted the Saanich Police Department and filed a report.

"I said I thought it was my responsibility to call campus security and that they would advise the police," said Carew. "But the officer made it quite clear that if I, as a victim of a crime, or if I witness a crime, I am to call 911. They were adamant that campus security is not the police."

Tom Downie, acting assistant director of CSS, said that the matter was handled correctly.

"There was no indication initially that the hole was caused by a pellet gun," said Downie. Broken windows are pretty common in dorms, he said, and because of the location of the window, the absence of other suspected shots, and the fact that only one layer of glass was broken, CSS acted appropriately.

However, after maintenance fixed the window, CSS decided upon closer inspection that a pellet gun could have caused the dubious mark. CSS did not rule out the possibility that a pellet gun was fired at Carew's window and is investigating.

"The follow-up is still in progress, and we have been in touch with the Saanich Police about this," said Downie. "If it is determined that a gun was likely used, we will work with the police to pursue the matter further."

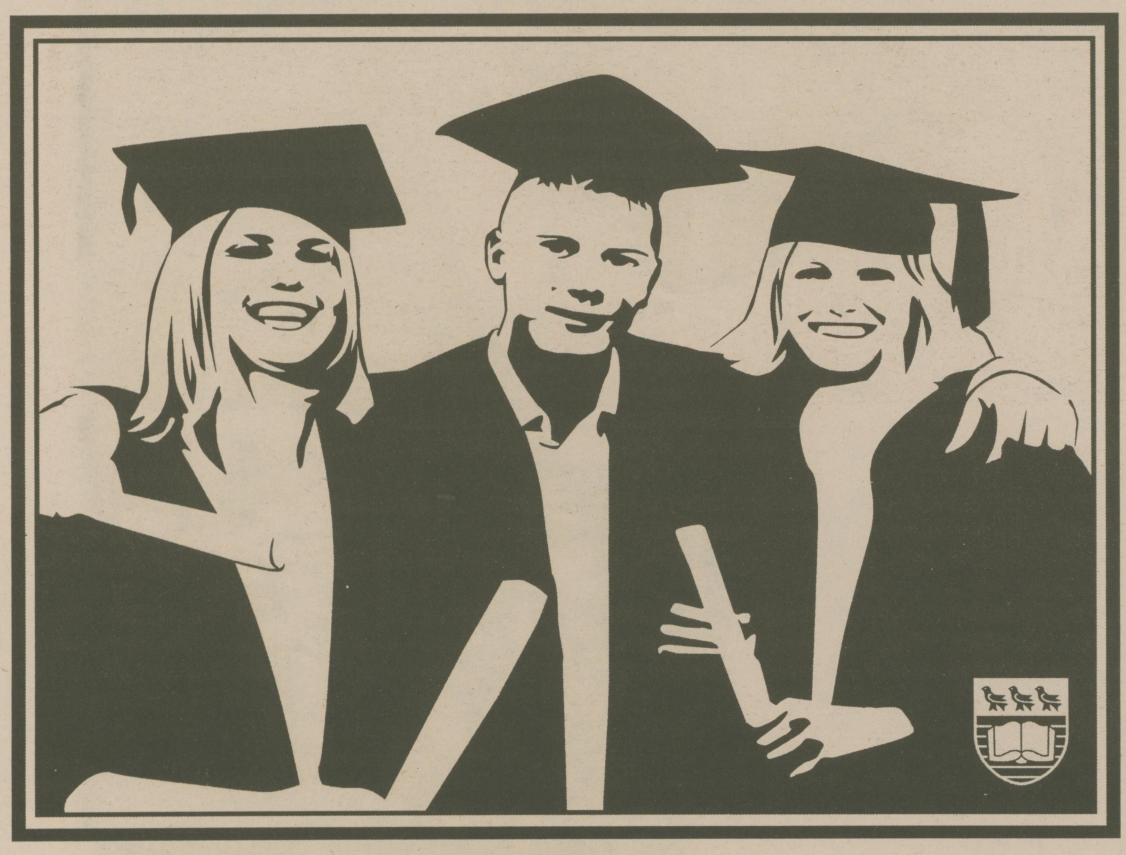
Gavin Quiney, general manager of Housing Food and Conference Services, said his department is strongly concerned with the safety and comfort of students.

"We take this kind of incident quite seriously. If it was indeed a pellet gun that caused this, [then] we would suggest that students contact both campus security and the police. Housing Services would obviously take care of replacing the window, and if it was an act of deliberate vandalism, we would work with security or the police to hold the responsible person accountable."

Downie believes CSS served the student well in this case. "A student should never feel that it is wrong to call the police if they are concerned. However in this situation, campus security took the appropriate actions and will be investigating further."

Carew worries that students have greater expectation about the role of CSS than is actually the case. "When I report a crime to the police, a record is created. When I report it to campus security, a maintenance order is created. Obviously parents and students think they are paying for secure accommodations on campus."

Pellet guns are not permitted on campus.



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Students grade school B+, A- in *Globe* survey

by Matthew Gauk

Usually on the receiving end of self-esteem-swaying letter grades, UVic students turned the tables and graded the university.

In a Canada-wide University Report Card released by *the Globe and Mail* in the second week of October, UVic earned a B+ for student services and an A- for overall education.

The study, conducted by the Strategic Counsel, polled 27,811 undergrads at 38 Canadian universities who were also subscribers to studentawards.com. Students answered over 100 questions and rated aspects of their school on a scale of zero to five with the mean score representing a letter grade.

The Globe did not release specific questions, nor did they say when students were polled.

Patty Pitts, manager of media relations for UVic, declined to comment, saying she was not completely sure of the survey's methodology.

She questioned the clarity of the survey and the results, both of which have been circulated throughout the administration.

Along with the *Macleans'* university survey, which last year ranked UVic the third best comprehensive undergraduate school in Canada, many parents and prospective students look to these polls to see the advantages and disadvantages of each university when deciding which school to attend.

UVic scored an A- overall in education, ranking high (A) in the faculty members' knowledge of subjects but scoring fairly low (B) in the effectiveness of teaching methods. UVic received a B+ for the quality of teaching and an A- for availability of faculty outside classroom hours.

The B+ mark landed UVic in 11th place out of 17 middle-sized schools (12,500 to 25,000 undergrads). Brock University and the University of Guelph took the top marks for medium-sized schools (both earned an A), and with a B+ grade, the University of Alberta in Edmonton earned top billing for large-sized schools (over 25,000 undergrads).

For student services, UVic fared less well and pulled in an overall B+ grade. While scoring high in health services (B+) and recreation and sports (A-), UVic received a B- for academic support, cafeteria food and student residences.

Gavin Quiney, managing director of Housing, Food, and Conference Services, doubts the authenticity of the report card.

"For [the survey] to have any meaning—any validity, to me as a managing director—I need to know what people are saying the problems are," Quiney said.

"How do I know what we fell short on?"

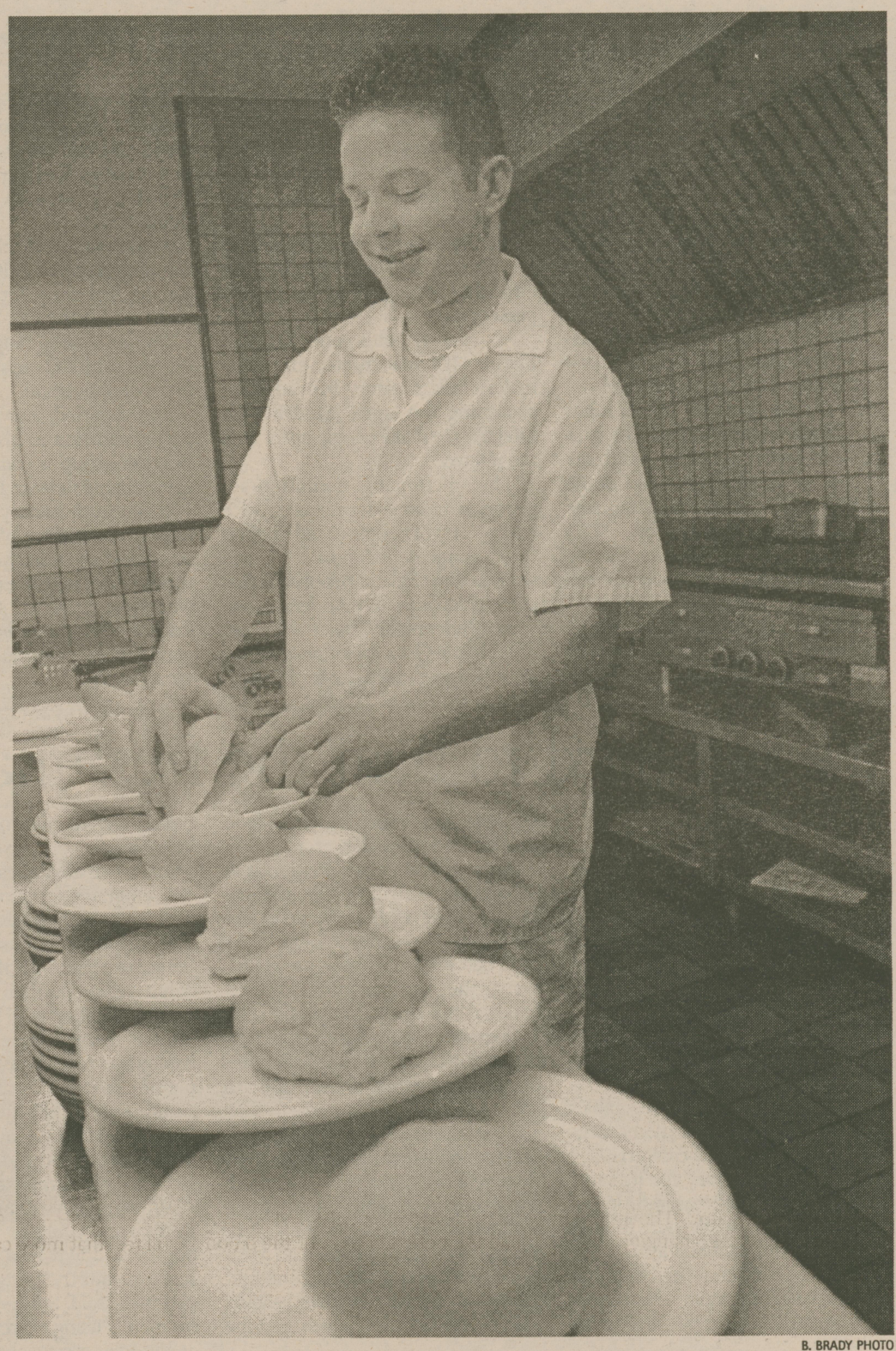
Asked about recent progress of planned improvements, Quiney listed the latest developments in his department, which is charged with food and housing services, two aspects which earned UVic the low grade of a B-.

Quiney pointed out that 600 beds have been added in residence thanks to the construction of three additional building and that new cluster apartments have been built. He added that a single residence cafeteria has been upped to three, one of which is dedicated to satisfying vegan or vegetarian diets, and a Wellness Centre was created.

He hoped improvements will factor in next year's poll.

"We welcome this sort of thing if there's opportunity to look at it, understand it and learn from it," Quiney said.

"It's like someone gave you a B- on a paper and there's no explanation on why you got the B-. Well, how can I get an A+? The information's not available. I think everybody recognizes in any sort of service industry that you're always looking for ways to improve."



B. BRADY PHOTO

Behind the counter at the Cadboro Cafeteria, morning staff prepare for the mid-day lunch rush.

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Anti-abortion display controversial

by Robert Kotyk

WINNIPEG(CUP)—A controversial display comparing abortion to global atrocities such as the Holocaust drew criticism when it came to the University of Manitoba (U of M).

The Genocide Awareness Project display, which was set up Oct. 12, juxtaposes images of aborted fetuses with photos from the Holocaust and other instances of genocide.

U of M Students for Life brought the display to the campus. The club posted signs warning students about the graphic nature of some images and handed out pamphlets to those who walked nearby.

"We're here to educate people about abortion," said Dale Dewit, president of Students for Life.

"Bring it up, discuss it [to] get an exchange of ideas, because we feel that as long as people don't think about it, it's going to keep happening, and we don't want that."

Several campus groups opposed the display, including Students for Choice, a group established in response to the fracas.

Kim Flynn, a member of Students for Choice, said she objects most strongly to the style of the group's presentation.

"Abortion is not a genocide," said Flynn. "It's inaccurate, and they make it inflammatory. Instead of approaching the issue, [Students for Life] tries to make people upset with the photos."

"The dictionary definition of genocide is an extermination of a mass group of people based on their race, ethnicity, religion . . . and women don't have abortions for that reason," added Holly Anderson, another Students for Choice member.

Stephanie Gray, executive director of the Canadian Centre for Bio-ethical Reform, which provided Students for Life with some of their material, said one of her group's activities involves training campus anti-abortion groups to defend their point of view.

When a similar display was used at the University of British Columbia for the first time, Gray said it was met with hostility.

"We get a wide range of responses," she said. "There's definitely degrees of opposition."

Gray asserted, however, in comparing abortion to historical atrocities, her group is trying to encourage students to learn from history.

"If you study history itself and you look at the history of 20th century atrocities," she said, "you'll see at the time various injustices occur, people who were trying to prick the conscience of the public in general often would make parallels between past atrocities."

PROVIDED PHOTO

The Genocide Awareness Project draws a crowd at U of Manitoba.

Members of the University of Manitoba's Jewish community also took issue with the comparisons made in the display.

"What they're doing is taking the revulsion that you feel when you look at the pictures from the Holocaust and they're just tying it to abortion," said Gershon Richter, a member of the university's Jewish Students' Association. "It's a deceitful tactic."

"Whatever your views are on (abortion), the fact that they're putting that there. . . . They shouldn't be allowed," said Aliza Millo, another member of the Jewish student group. "You can't compare them."

It's not hard to beat the freshman-15

by Alana Pona

WINNIPEG(CUP)—Christopher Shane eats his fruits and vegetables.

Every morning, the first-year business administration student at the University of Winnipeg packs a healthy lunch of apples, bananas, dried fruit and trail mix.

The 18-year-old focuses on maintaining a healthy lifestyle, working out regularly at the gym, and consciously eating fruits and vegetables between classes, rather than snacking on pizza from the cafeteria.

"I don't have money for it, and I stay away from processed food because I like to work out. It goes hand-in-hand," said Shane.

Shane admits that his diet has changed slightly since the school year began, but he makes a constant effort to pack enough healthy food to last him for the day.

Mark Surzyshyn, a nutritionist at Advantage Nutrition Counselling, says he believes that Shane is not the typical university student.

"When a lot of people go to university they see it as a time to buckle down and study. The diet quality is degraded," said Surzyshyn. Students don't want to bring lunches or don't make time to bring food to school, he said.

Recent studies done in the United States found that students in their first year of university are more likely to gain weight. A study done at Cornell University in New York found that students gained an average of four pounds during the first 12 weeks of their freshman year—a gain that is 11 times higher than the typical weight gain for 17- and 18-year-olds.

Surzyshyn attributes "the shift" to the sedentary, emotionally charged new lifestyle of university.

The freshman-15 usually refers to the extra 15 pounds that some students pack on in their first year.

"We're dealing with the stress factor. For many, it may be their first trip away from home. A lot of people are emotional eaters and find comfort in food," said Surzyshyn. But he said that the over-consumption of processed foods may affect students' performance in class.

"When people eat poorly, or their meals are too big or infrequent, it bogs you down in a physiological sense in your thought and cognitive patterns," said Surzyshyn. He recommends using exercise and proper eating as a crucial counter-strategy. "Understand the basics of eating and what is considered more beneficial for a sedentary lifestyle," he said.

He suggests adopting a new diet to your ever-changing new environment. "Understand how your body works," said Surzyshyn. "Knowledge is power."

Craig Bonnett, a personal trainer at Shapes Fitness Centre in Winnipeg, suggests simply getting active. He recommends making physical activity part of your daily routine, specifically working out three to four times a week for 30 minutes.

"Do something," said Bonnett. "There are so many mediums of physical activity like running, biking, resistance training, Pilates, even sports." Bonnett admits that it's difficult to stick to a routine on a busy schedule, but says the results are worth it. "The hardest thing is making this a part of your routine," he said. "Once you do that, you're laughing."

Food tips for students on the go

- Avoid typical fast food items.
- A wrap is a lot healthier than a burger, and a salad is better for you than a poutine.
- Having fruit juice or water is better than drinking a pop or beer for lunch.
- Skip the lunch dessert and eat it as a light snack an hour or two after lunch—this will keep your metabolism trucking.
- Don't grab that can of soda in the cupboard before jumping on the bus. Reach for the healthy snacks that will keep your energy and metabolism at a high all day long.
- Pack small snacks like veggies, fruit and granola.
- Drink eight to ten glasses of water a day.
- Constantly hydrating yourself will stop the body from holding water.

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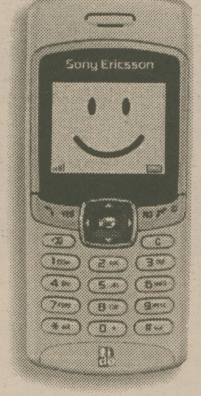

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UVic clarifies P2P policies

File sharing blocked during daytime

by Sean Patrick Sullivan

Ever since the days of Napster, universities have been forced to deal with students clogging computer networks by downloading music and movies.

Despite the snail-paced speed of programs like Kazaa and BitTorrent during the daytime, UVic's manager of network services says the university does nothing to block file sharing.

"It's our general policy to be agnostic as to traffic that travels on our network," explained Ken Howard. With one caveat: Because the university's pipeline to the commercial Internet is relatively small, network traffic is prioritized, and academic needs come first.

"We do not deny [file-sharing programs], but give it lower priority than WebReg or WebCT. It's not because we don't want you to [use file-sharing programs], it's just because the university tells us to [do this]."

While peer-to-peer traffic is down to nothing during the daytime, Howard says that in the evening, up to 50 per cent of the network is devoted to file sharing.

One residence student—who asked not to be identified—said that while file sharing amongst those within the residence's ResNet is outrageously fast, sometimes at speeds of one megabyte per second, downloading music and movies from off-campus sources is always quite slow.

"There's a program called Sharaza that connects to different servers, which gives a better chance of reaching more sources," she said, noting that even then the connection is, at most, a fifth of the speed of direct ResNet connections.

Policies regarding use of the tools to trade often-copyrighted music and videos vary across the country.

"We don't support it whatsoever," said a computer help desk attendant at Dalhousie University in Halifax. "It's throttled to an unbelievably slow speed, and some of it is just plain blocked—you can't even get access to Kazaa on Dal's network."

Other universities, like the University of Toronto, also slow file-sharing traffic to a crawl during the daytime and let it flow freely at night, when bandwidth isn't needed for academic reasons.

While the University of New Brunswick in Fredericton discourages file sharing on its network, the university only enforces download quotas—it does nothing to stop or slow traffic like UVic does. The school's ResNet website has detailed information on how to turn off sharing in programs like Kazaa, and a help desk rep said that a ban on uploading is strictly enforced.

All universities ask students to abide by copyright law.

"When it comes to university resources being used—networks and labs—you are responsible to abide by copyright and harassment policies," said Howard. "It's not the job of network services to police that."

Network services investigates only when asked to do so by campus security or university administration. The department is able to analyze all network traffic that flows through the 10,000-plus computers at UVic, but Howard insists Big Brother isn't watching.

"We can tell how much traffic is going where, and if needed, drill down and look at traffic from an individual [computer]," he said. "But we're not actively trying to capture that data, and we're certainly not watching over the net."

Campus Security has previously been called to investigate complaints about the sharing of music files from the Canadian Recording Industry Association.

Acting Director Ken Marrison said he has not received any complaints this year.

Canadian copyright laws are hazy when it comes to sharing copyrighted files. In April, a federal judge ruled that sharing copyrighted works on peer-to-peer networks is legal in Canada. Revenue losses from illegal copying are repaid through a long-standing government-imposed levy on blank media, including tapes and CDs.

In the United States, where copyright law is much stricter, many universities have instituted a complete ban on programs that could access copyrighted material.

LARISSA MATWIJIW PHOTO

Want to download music and movies through programs like Kazaa? UVic won't stop you.

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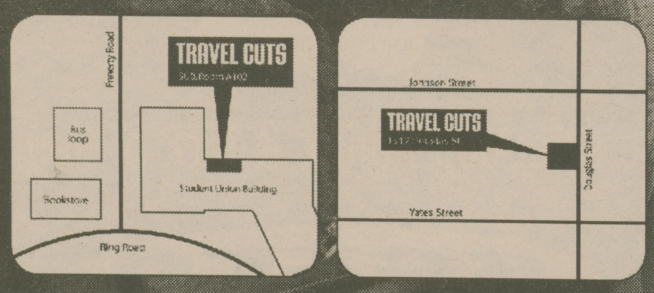

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Native groups oppose resort

by Erika van Winden

A plan to expand Sun Peaks Ski Resort, located northeast of Kamloops, has renewed protests by Native groups.

"We've just got a chunk of the meat left," said Janice Billy, a member of the Secwepemc First Nation and one of the protest leaders. "The rest is in someone's freezer."

Sun Peaks is built on Secwepemc land, which they refer to as Skwelkwek'welt, located 30 kilometres northeast of Kamloops in B.C.'s interior.

The Secwepemc people are supported by a number of others opposed to the expansion of the resort, including *No Logo* author Naomi Klein , the Council of Canadians and the Anti-Poverty Committee.

The main investor of Sun Peaks, Nippon Cable Co., confirms its pro-development decision and appreciates the fact that many people, including local RCMP and investors Nancy Greene and Al Raine, support them.

With neither side attaining a great majority of supporters, the land claim and project development in Sun Peaks Ski Resort (first announced to the media on June 1, 2004) has reached a state of inertia.

For investors, the 10-year plan is a $285-million expansion that will include numerous new ski runs, and hotels and condominiums with enough space for over 10,000 beds.

Since the change of ownership 12 years ago, Sun Peaks has seen a steady increase and has even become one of the largest ski resorts in British Columbia.

With this success, Sun Peaks has been able to employ 1,100 people, has 400 permanent residents, and during different parts of the season can have up to 5,000 guests in the village.

"It's great for the economy," said Sun Peak's spokeswoman Chris Rogers. "It's great for the communities around us."

With the new expansion, there's no way to determine what financial peaks Sun Peaks can reach.

The possible amount of money Sun Peaks can earn is of no concern the Secwepemc, and it is the devastating environmental effects and disrespect towards aboriginal people that impels their unease.

The Secwepemc people have been living on Tod Mountain, northeast of Kamloops, since the end of the ice age. They continue to live off of its resources for food, shelter and medicine. Berry picking, hunting and searching for medicinal plants are part of everyday life for them. With another expansion of the resort onto their land, they would be faced with possible shortages and contamination of food and water.

"Our concern is for our water. Our concern is for our wild food. Our concern is for our native medicine," said 75-year-old Irene Billy, a member of the Skwekwek'welt Protection Centre.

It's been two years since the last round of protests ended at the resort—with arrests and court orders banning the activists from the resort. Police have been asked to take action against the protestors, but once released, they always come back.

Sun Peaks tourism director Chris Nicholson said he's frustrated by the return of the protesters. He said the resort is unfairly caught in a dispute between the B.C. government and local First Nations.

"[The resort has] got a legal right to exist, and everything that happened was approved in the early '90s by the provincial government," said Nicholson in August. "It makes us feel powerless."

This land claim battle is one of many that occur each year between developers and aboriginals. Much of the land in B.C. is subject to land claims, and the Secwepemc band has never signed any treaties giving up their title as ancestral landholders.

The fact that the aboriginal title has never been defined judicially and legislatively helps support the developers. This inconsistency can be considered the main point of conflict since it serves as a defence for both the resort and the Secwepemc people.

NIC HUME PHOTO

Jan Kellett's miniature books sell for upwards of $474.

The art of books

by Michelle Martin

Until Wednesday, an unusual array of 74 artistically designed books is on display in the McPherson Library.

Many of the displays are a far cry from books, journals and atlases lining library shelves. With cut-outs, pop-ups, wooden and metal casings, and three-dimensional architecture, few commonalities exist among the manuscripts.

"It's a convergence of modern art and traditional bookmaking," said Gayle Garlock, a member of the event's sponsor, Friends of UVic Libraries.

Garlock explained that the exhibit shows how modern artists are reinventing the traditional book and are expanding the way people think of books.

Eight Gulf and Vancouver Island bookbinders, conservators, papermakers, calligraphers and small press owners discussed their crafts and talked with curious readers Oct. 14. Many spectators and UVic students took in the demonstration. Book art exhibitors were as passionate about their work as they were knowledgeable.

Exhibitor Jan Kellett keenly explained her craft of miniature bookmaking and told passersby their fortune from a miniature book she created. The inspiration for her book *The Fortune Teller* was a 19th-century German porcelain doll, which wore a pleated skirt. The secret of the fortunes hiding within the doll's multicoloured skirt was only recently revealed on the BBC program *Antiques Roadshow*.

Smaller books do not take less time to create. Kellett takes about a year to design and produce one of her books, and admitted this is a relatively long time.

"I'm a perfectionist," she said.

There is no doubt that Kellett creates these books because she loves the craft. She said that makers of miniature books could only expect to squeak out a living.

Nonetheless, Kellett's mini books, which are no more than three square inches, sell for $170 to $475 each. Universities and museums are the primary buyers of the quaint, handmade treasures.

Miniature books are not a new phenomenon.

The earliest known miniature book was a clay tablet that dated back to 2060 BC.

During the 19th century, mini books were printed in large quantities and dealt in diverse genres like poetry, children's texts, dictionaries, Bibles and almanacs.

Like Kellett, some artists focus on the creative applications of the book rather than the book's content. Keith Valentine, an exhibit award winner from the Gulf Islands, gave guided tours of the demonstrations and noted the distinction between artistic work and fine binding. He said that fine bindings are a creative interpretation of a formerly published book, whereas artistic works use the book form to tell a story.

The Canadian Bookbinders and Book Artists Guild (CBBAG) put on the Art of the Book display, which Garlock said proves the popularity of the mini paperback.

"In the past decade, the growth of CBBAG reflects the resurgence of interest in the book arts," she said.

The Art of the Book display is on its fifth stop since September. The cross-country tour began in Toronto and will close in Fredericton next summer.

The demonstration at UVic runs until Oct. 27.

We'd like your input.

Dear students:

The University of Victoria is undertaking an important process to enhance our communications, both internally and externally. The first step is to develop a unique and compelling message about UVic in preparation for a strategic communications program. This step is critical and your help is needed to make it successful.

We're seeking input from faculty, staff, students, and alumni. Our goal is to describe succinctly what UVic stands for and what differentiates us from other universities. We have engaged Educational Marketing Group consultants to assist us with this.

We encourage you to give us your candid and confidential responses in an online questionnaire—www.emgonline.com/uvic.htm

There will be additional opportunities for involvement as the communications positioning process proceeds. More information about the process is available at www.uvic.ca/stratcommplan. Thank you in advance for your participation.

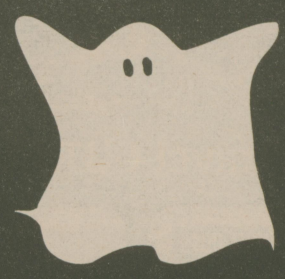
Faye Wightman
Vice-President, External Relations
University of Victoria

Questionnaire deadline: Friday, November 5
www.emgonline.com/uvic.htm

University of Victoria

Happy Halloween!

Wigs, Accessories & Costume Rentals



Be safe: don't drink & trick or treat!

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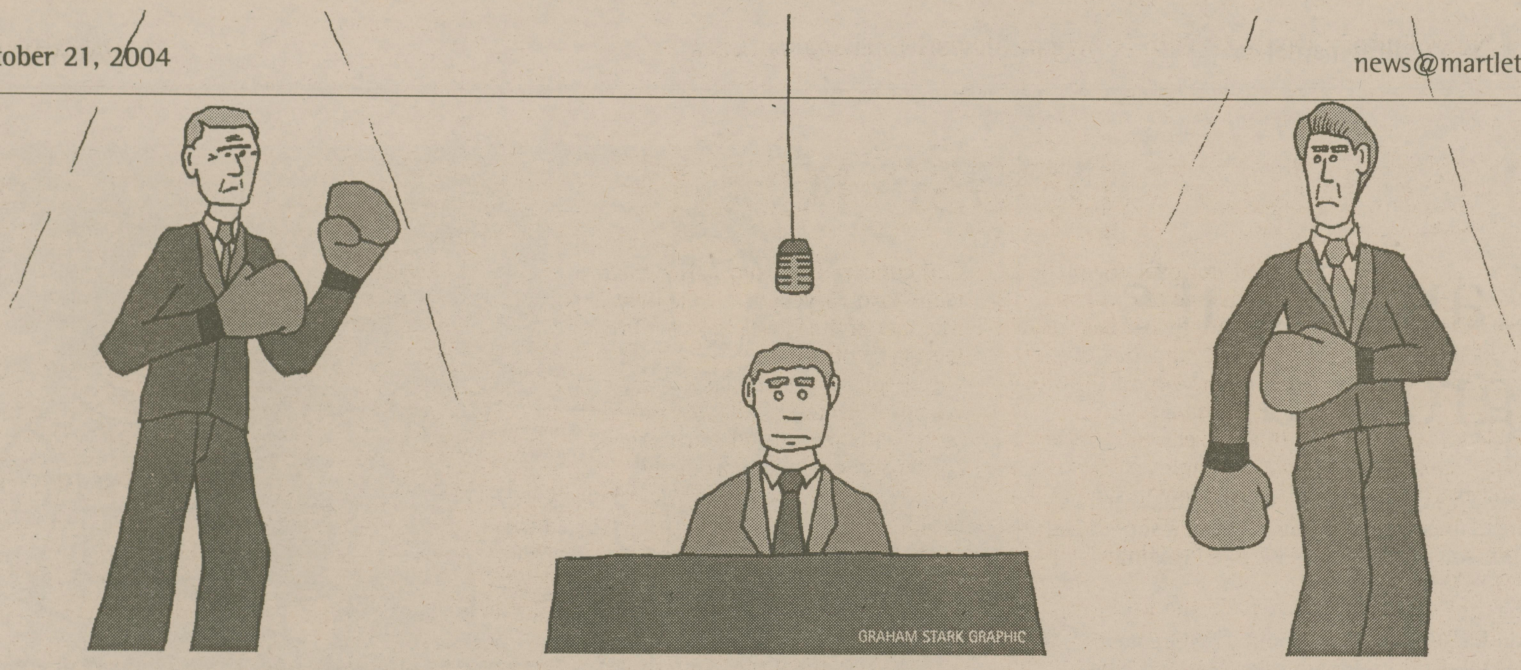
202-610 JohnsonSt



Debate as reality TV

Do Americans relate to their politicians through television?

by Aaron Williams

Twenty questions. The final round. Debate 2004: Go hard or go home.

"New question, Mr. President. We are talking about protecting ourselves from the unexpected, but the flu season is suddenly upon us. Flu kills thousands of people every year. Suddenly we find ourselves with a severe shortage of flu vaccine. How did that happen?"

This is not your great-grandfather's debate of 1858, when Lincoln and Douglas put the audience to sleep with hour-long opening statements. This is the new road to the White House. Today's candidates do not give opening statements, and they hold the floor for no more than two minutes at a time. It is all about performing in crunch time.

"President Bush, it's Colonel Mu'ammar Gaddafi on the phone. Yeah, the guy from Libya. He says that he's tired of being a second-string terrorist. He's either going to peacefully disarm his weapons of mass destruction or blow them all sky high. You've got 90 seconds to reply, with a possible 30-second extension."

On the other side of the television screen, today's voters prefer to read body language instead of campaign literature. They watch intently for signs of strength or weakness: fist pounding, finger pointing, face scratching and stuttering. It's as if the viewing public would trade the national debates for two handshakes and maybe a quick sniff of the candidates.

With the cameras rolling, the Commission on Presidential Debates (CPD)—an undemocratic mouthpiece for the two-party system—brought us the third and final presidential debate Oct. 13 from Arizona.

George W. Bush came out "on fuego." Widely criticized for slouching and scowling during the first debate, Mr. President was expressive and enthusiastic, right from the opening coin flip. Even his aggressive eyebrows were tipping the scales of this dead heat into the favour of the Republicans.

Then suddenly, everything changed. The second question wasn't about Abu Ghraib prison abuse (the CPD seems to have barred any mention of this embarrassing issue); instead, it was a flu vaccination question from out of nowhere. Caught off guard, the president struck out.

During his ill-formed response, Bush mentioned that half of the vaccination was made in England (outsourcing American jobs is strike one), Canada was attempting to cover the shortage (strike two for relying on unsafe Canadian pharmaceuticals), and healthy citizens should not take their flu shot this year (strike three).

Bush's slump continued with the next question. When asked what he would like to say to unemployed American workers, Bush declared that he is helping to send them back to school. Certainly this is not what victims of downsizing want to hear.

After these blunders, Bush tensed up, and his early enthusiasm was replaced by soft-spoken answers that really said, "Hey coach, I need a breather."

Meanwhile, behind the Democratic podium, Senator John Kerry was "in the zone." The formerly bland and boring Kerry managed to appear stoic and steady. Masterfully shifting eye contact from moderator Bob Schieffer to the studio audience and then directly into the television camera, Kerry punctuated his remarks with "we can do better" and "you decide."

The only turnaround of the evening came when Schieffer asked the two men what they had learned from the strong women in their lives.

Bush responded with his trademark personality and charm, saying, "to listen to them" and then, "to stand up straight and not scowl." Sensing that the American people wanted more even humour, Kerry also tried his hand at a joke. Not having any clue, he borrowed a well-known Bush quip, saying that both candidates had "married up." Somehow, this comment was less warm and fuzzy coming out of the senator's mouth. Perhaps it is due to the fact that Laura Bush is a schoolteacher, while Teresa Heinz Kerry is a billionaire.

In the final analysis, it seems that George W. Bush may agree with his father's views on the presidential debates: "It's too much show business and too much prompting, too much artificiality and not really debate."

Unfortunately for the Bushes, the American people relate, almost exclusively, to their presidents through television.

Here's hoping that the family teaches this lesson to the next in line: Florida governor Jeb Bush. Two single-term presidencies are enough for one family.

Who said what and how many times

	Sept. 30 Foreign Affairs		Oct. 8 Audience questions		Oct. 13 Domestic Affairs	
	Bush	**Kerry**	**Bush**	**Kerry**	**Bush**	**Kerry**
Terror-Kill	22-6	19-7	16-2	8-5	7-2	5-2
Iraq-Saddam-W.M.D	52-16-6	36-12-6	14-13-8	15-4-5	4-2-0	3-2-0
Afgh-bin Laden-A.Q.	9-5-6	5-9-2	5-3-5	2-4-0	3-4-2	2-6-0
Abu Ghraib-Sudan	0-2	0-0	0-0	0-0	0-0	0-0
Korea-Iran	11-9	16-7	6-4	5-3	0-0	0-0
Tax-Economy-Jobs	1-0-0	1-1-0	36-5-14	22-2-11	31-9-8	22-3-15
Health-Medicare-Drug	0-0-0	1-0-0	11-6-12	21-7-8	27-2-3	26-11-11
No C.L.B.-Patriot Act	0-2	0-0	0-5	6-5	7-0	0-0
Gay-Lesbian	0-0	0-0	0-0	0-0	0-0	0-1
God-Love-Family	1-3-0	1-2-0	2-3-0	0-0-1	3-9-9	6-1-8
Abortion-Stem cell	0-0	0-1	6-6	3-4	6-0	0-0
Sci-NASA-Computer	0-0-0	1-0-0	4-0-0	3-0-0	1-0-0	0-0-0
Enviro-Kyoto-AIDS	0-0-0	0-0-0	3-1-0	5-2-1	1-0-0	1-0-0
	University of Miami Referee: Jim Lehrer Attendance: 62.5M		University of Washington Referee: C. Gibson Attendance: 46.7M		Arizona State University Referee: Bob Sheiffer Attendance: 51.2M	

Martlet meetings! mon & thurs 11:30 am
sub b011 | everybody welcome | BE THERE

Editorial

Really, Canada, it's time to grow up

The Greatest Canadian, a new TV series on CBC, will eventually tell us the name of the greatest Canadian citizen of all-time. What a super idea! Why don't we pick the greatest solar system too? We like Proxima Centauri.

Wondering about CBC's plan for sequels? How about The Greatest Dessert? Our prediction: pineapple upside-down cake. Next up, The Greatest Body Part. Surefire winner: the spleen.

For now we've got The Greatest Canadian to cut away layers of complex national culture and history to find the one great achiever buried under a dungheap of mediocrity.

That's fucking awful. Do we feel so inferior, so insignificant that we have to prove to the world how much we've accomplished by lining up a train of Canadian notables and knocking them off one by one? Are we that afraid of being ignored?

We at the *Martlet* thought Canada was finally comfortable with its place in the world. But no, apparently we were wrong. Canada, our home and native land, remains insecure on a massive scale.

Look at this list of the top ten nominees for The Greatest Canadian: Frederick Banting (discovered insulin), Alexander Graham Bell (invented the telephone), Don Cherry (shouts and wears hobo clothes), Tommy Douglas ("father of Medicare"), Terry Fox (raised millions for cancer research), Wayne Gretzky (squeezes wood), John A. Macdonald (drank heavily, built Canada with a crescent wrench and three nails), Lester B. Pearson (did political junk), David Suzuki (advocates environmental responsibility, wears hemp undies), and Pierre Elliott Trudeau (partied, womanized and changed Canada's political landscape forever).

It's worth noting that Bryan Adams and Pamela Anderson are in the top 100.

Also: there isn't a single woman. Way to go, Canada.

We don't have anything against famous Canadians, but we have a lot of things against comparing them to each other like unripe melons at the supermarket. Why can't we just recognize that we've done a lot of great stuff? Why do we have to pit our greatest achievers against one another in a sickening nod to reality TV?

CBC is comparing Frederick Banting, a Nobel prize-winning scientist who saved millions of lives with insulin, to Don Cherry, a loud-talking, jaw-clenching, snot-eating clown who's offered nothing to the world except racism, beer commercials and disposable sports commentary. Seriously, just try to put "sports commentary" and "saved millions of lives" in the same sentence. Can you do it without mocking Don Cherry?

And for that reason, The Greatest Canadian is a worthless ego boost for an insecure nation. Canada—it's time to grow up.

GRAHAM STARK GRAPHIC

"Look, up there with the men who gave us insulin and the telephone is the guy whose only contribution to Canada is the CBC's five-second tape delay."

Lockheed takes census

The world's largest weapons manufacturer will be playing a major role in the upcoming 2006 federal census, and Canadians should be upset.

Next year the Canadian subsidiary of the U.S. weapons juggernaut Lockheed Martin will be providing software and hardware to process Canada's most sensitive statistics.

"It's very specialized software, using scanners, to actually digitize handwritten responses from 13.6 million households," said the director of the federal census program.

Great: they have nifty computer gadgets. But we question the ethics of giving $43.3 million of Canadian taxpayers' money to a weapons developer. The company is a large part of the corporate profiteering in Iraq and Afghanistan and are heavily involved in the "Star Wars" missile defense project.

Eighty per cent of the company's business is with the U.S. Department of Defense and federal government agencies. Have a problem with any of the recent American imperial conquests? Your tax dollars will be going to the company that makes equipment like the "Millennium Gun."

Visit their website and you'll find an easy-to-read catalogue of missiles, tactical aircraft, and other creepy doomsday devices. There are even downloadable videos of each one.

The company's main priority is to help destroy and kill—why should we be supporting it? It's already making tens of billions of dollars every year through contracts with the United States. There must be another choice.

Editorial topics are decided at weekly editorial meetings and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of all staff members.

Don't like what you read? Write us, or write for us.
edit@martlet.ca

Martlet receives an F in reporting

Michael Edgell

I appreciate the frustration felt by some students attempting to obtain a same-day appointment at the Academic Advising Centre during the first two weeks of September. That frustration, however, does not justify the widely inaccurate and dishonest piece of "reporting" that appeared under the heading "Academic Advising gets failing grade" in the Oct. 7 *Martlet*.

In the past, the centre did have a system of pre-booked appointments for general advising sessions with advisors. It did not work, as one-third of students did not turn up for those appointments: wasting advising capabilities and preventing others from obtaining sessions. Hence the present system of same-day drop-ins for general advising

Ms. Stewart was not stood up for a pre-arranged phone interview—one was never arranged. She turned up at the centre when I was unavailable, and was then phoned and left a voice mail asking her to arrange a mutually convenient time to meet. She never responded.

Both Ms. Stewart and Ms. Michaluk are obviously confused about the respective responsibilities of various university units. If Ms. Michaluk was having problems with her college transfer credit and admission to UVic back in 2002, then she would have been dealing with Undergraduate Records and Admissions, not with the Academic Advising Centre. She never visited or talked to us, but had she done so, would have been directed to the correct department.

It would seem that both contributors to the article have very short memories of their experience with Academic Advising. Ms. Stewart sent a "thank you" e-mail for the help and guidance she received after a visit to the centre this year. Ms. Michaluk visited the centre for the first time in July (she was certainly not here in 2002 or 2003!) and then again in September. Perhaps she could explain, in the context of that experience, how it feels "like it's impossible to see an advisor" and why "navigating your way through the UVic Advising Centre is a (scary) course unto itself."

The Academic Advising Centre certainly does not get a failing grade for the services that we provide to the undergraduate population of UVic. However, both Ms. Stewart and the *Martlet* do receive an F (and should also be placed on probation!) for concocting and publishing such a distorted fabrication.

Dr. Engell is the director of Academic Advising for the faculties of Humanities, Science and Social Sciences.

Protesters fight war of images

by Michelle Martin

Finally, ordinary Americans have picked the right medium to convey their political message: they're fighting images with images. Although not a resolution to the war in Iraq, promoting understanding and exerting solidarity is definitely a step in the right direction.

Anti-war activists are sending media outlets in the Middle East photos that show Americans holding mostly hand-made signs. Some criticize U.S. actions in the war while others extend sympathy to Iraqi civilians. For example, one banner being held by 11 people in Vancouver, Wash., reads, "With deep shame, we apologize for the suffering our country has brought to the people of Iraq."

About 400 pictures came into the peace group Fellowship of Reconciliation from more than 100 U.S. cities and towns. The photos are intended to counterpoint the horrendous pictures of Americans abusing Iraqi prisoners.

This choice of medium gives me hope. Language, religion, culture and ideology are all divisive in the West's relationship with the Middle East; however, images, with their ability to be universally understood, may successfully convey the compassion and understanding (given that Middle Eastern news outlets release the photos and translate the signs correctly) that this war seems to be lacking.

Images have played a vital role in the war in Iraq to date, but until now they have primarily provoked disgust, hatred and fear. The power of the Abu Ghraib prison photos is undeniable. They challenged people to confront the moralistic well-being of humankind, faith in the American military, belief in the political system, and the concept of fostering freedom, to name a few. Suddenly the so-called enemy wasn't quite so clear. Whether an opinion started as a black-and-white dichotomy or not, the end result was likely on a grey-scale.

These images burned bridges. Retaliation from rebel Iraqi groups was swift and startling. They too used images to exert panic by videotaping the beheadings of foreigners and posting them on the Internet.

Images are changing the way public support is won in war times, especially since new media technology enables quick transmission of information worldwide (although accessibility still largely depends on someone's socio-economic situation).

Until now, the most widely distriputive images of war have been images of terror (forgive me for using this highly subjective word). But now these anti-war activists are using new media technology to depict a positive image of the West to Iraqi citizens.

They are distributing burned CDs of anti-war photos, without relying on traditional news organizations for exposure. The information age has changed the way in which public opinion is formed, as news corporations and the government have less and less control over publicly consumed information and images. And as often as public opinion is impacted, so too is government policy.

Emotion-provoking images can shape public opinion, and a single image can erupt a diverse array of political issues. I doubt that the beheadings in Iraq would have initiated nearly as much political engagement if they were only described in words, as opposed to publicized as a media spectacle.

In the age of the image, the written word does have its place. However, the universal appeal of images is the most suitable medium for conveying political messages across cultures. The actions taken by the Fellowship are symbolic of a new technological age that will continue to shape the actions of the powers that be.

MARTLET
The University of Victoria's Independent Newspaper

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Our legacy of pop culture irony

by Sacha Narine

Everything old is new again. New and ridiculous.

Pop culture loves retro but only if it can add in some humour, a pinch of irony to spice up the fading flavour of the past.

Irony has a muscular grip on young minds, especially when it comes to music, movies and fashion. If we can't take old things seriously, at least we can appraise them as campy mementoes of times long past when folks didn't know up from down, tits from ass, Axl Rose from James Hetfield.

Take The Darkness, for instance. A gleaming bastion of irony, The Darkness are a modern hybrid of '70s glam and old-school metal: Queen, Iron Maiden and Black Sabbath repackaged for a new generation. I like The Darkness and I was born in the '80s. "The Number of the Beast" sold a million copies before I could chew. Queen broke up before I knew what girl parts looked like. Tony Iommi sported a creepy pervert mustache before I was even born!

We mock and ironize the past so easily because we weren't there for it. We never saw Queen as groundbreaking and original. We weren't there for the birth of heavy metal. We weren't there when "back then" was today—when old school was just . . . school.

I bought a T-shirt with a picture of the Backstreet Boys on it. Why? Because I've got a hefty wad of BB lyrics lodged in my memory. Also, I think boy bands are funny. A classmate asked me about the shirt, and I told her it was a joke. She admitted that she had been a fan of BB "back when it was cool to like them." It just goes to show that pop irony isn't yet a universal. A large part of its current coolness is surely derived from the fact that some people don't get it.

There's a kind of egoistic satisfaction in proving, with a shirt or a poster or a sarcastic comment, that you "get" the joke.

By wearing a Backstreet Boys T-shirt, I'm displaying to other ironists my own knowledge and sense of humour. To dead-serious fans of BB, I'm a kindred spirit. And although that is a misperception, it is one I invite—because I revel in the loftiness of my ironic power. I am a hero of hilarity, a connoisseur of condescension.

We, the youth, have borne this age of irony. It is our doing. And hey, it's cool with me. The only problematic bit is drawing a distinction between what's funny-good and what's just plain good. What music can still be taken seriously? Even angst rock—which begs us to purse our lips, harden our gazes and cry a single, bitter tear—has become a kind of self-parody. Bands like Evanescence are a travesty of dying acts like Nine Inch Nails.

With movies, we've gone so far as parodies of parodies. For example, *Sixteen Candles* to *American Pie* to *Not Another Teen Movie*, or *Halloween* to *Scream* to *Scary Movie*. Although these double parodies can be entertaining, they lack originality and will soon be forgotten.

Last Friday at Lucky Bar, 3 Inches of Blood paid tribute to classic metal with nary a hint of irony. If they'd played "Balls of Ice," things would have been different. Maybe it's just me, but a room full of skids (myself included) chanting "Balls! Balls! Balls!" is a bit of a laugh.

I'm still not sure what to do with pop irony. It can make our lives a hell of a lot less depressing, but we need something to take seriously, something of our own that can be playfully satirized in 20 years. I'd hate to see the next generation of mouthy youngsters making jokes about our jokes and parodying our parodies.

And God help us all if screamo is our only legacy.

LETTERS

Call 911, not campus security

Your story about the anarchist being tossed off campus by campus security (Sept. 30) is an important reminder to all students that campus security is here solely to protect the property interests of the university. One should not be lulled into thinking that they have any kind of policing authority.

On Oct. 12 in the late evening, someone shot at my residence window with a pellet gun. In my angst, I mistakenly called campus security when really I should have dialed 911. I thought that campus security were rather like a first step in reporting a crime. Apparently not. Campus security's responsibility in such an instance is simply to get the window replaced.

In fact, campus security does not report the incident to the police at all. I contacted the Saanich Police at the urging of an off-campus Victoria citizen and another student in my residence the next day. The police explained that I should have dialed 911 when the incident happened.

I have lived on campus for over two years. I have reported a couple of other incidents during that time to campus security that were criminal in nature, always believing that campus security was a first step in the follow-up of a crime. In fact, they are a dead end.

I am not complaining about campus security: they are "security guards." That is, they are simply here to protect the property of the university and they do their job. My concern is that many of us are lulled into thinking that they are some sort of quasi-policing agency. The purpose of this letter is to remind students that when you see a crime or are a victim of a crime on campus, phone the Saanich Police.

Marsha Carew

Martlet runs Coors ad promoting sexism

In response to the Coors Light/Maxim ads (Oct. 7, 14): These ads are sexist, objectify women and perpetuate a rape culture. Suggesting women are edible, consumerable, and marketable products positions women as objects to be owned and possessed. Rape culture is promoted through the situating of women as sexually available beings within a space where alcohol consumption is encouraged and endorsed. Where is consent being addressed in this ad? Where is the reality of date rape being addressed in this ad? "You be the judge" explicitly states that men have agency and women do not. Women are to be chosen, and men have the power and privilege to choose.

It is inappropriate for a student newspaper to support and encourage these ads through widespread distribution. The argument could be made that it is important to show ads to encourage response and dialogue, but the reality is that as long as we promote sexist and oppressive advertising and media, that is what will continue to be reflected and perpetuated in our society.

Jen Cooper
UVSS Women's Centre Coordinator

Asinine Coors ads

Not content to equate women with beer bottles, Coors went that extra step and compared the judging of women's physical beauty to being a kid in a candy store. I didn't think advertisers were stupid enough anymore to objectify 52 per cent of the beloved consuming public and to offend even more. Obviously I was wrong. To imply that Candy, Mandy, Brandy and Sandy could also be bought in such a store draws a dangerous connection to human trafficking, something I'm sure Coors wouldn't publicly support but would reply to this argument with, "It's just a joke! And it worked as an advertisement because here you are thinking of our product!"

Me: "It's not funny! And if your intent was to make sure I never buy your product, then mission accomplished!"

To even begin discussing the repulsiveness of the actual "Search for the Coors Light Maxim Girl" would take up more space than this letter allows.

Thank you, Coors, for giving me one more reason not to drink your piss beer.

Tracey Coulter

Mandatory UVSS fees still a contentious issue

In response to Colin Bailey (Oct. 14), your value judgments were incorrect and presumptuous as to my UVSS-related activities. I did not consume any "amber jars" upon the eve of constructing my letter nor did I chase it with a piece of overpriced pizza from a UVSS establishment. Your assumptions are unsubstantiated, inaccurate and immature. I am proud of the fact that I have not set foot in the SUB this year except to take part in the tedious process of opting out of the health plan.

Bailey's comparison of UVSS fees and federal income tax is invalid. The difference between federal taxation and coercive student union dues is so vast that even a first-year poli-sci student could comprehend the severity between tax evasion and questioning the totalitarian practices of the UVSS. The services provided by federal income tax are clearly more vital than services provided by the UVSS and certainly more important than sending members of the UVSS brass to partisan CFS meetings in Ottawa.

If you were indeed to withhold the minute portion of your income tax responsible for subsidizing my education (perhaps in order to purchase a framed picture of Karl Marx), I would gladly pay more in order to sleep at night knowing that you had nothing to do with the funding of my university education.

Jonathan Hughes

Time for change

In response to Katie Rollwagen's Oct. 14 letter: Your claim that I believe student union fees should not be mandatory due to my alleged financial prosperity is false. I would like to clarify the fact that it is not my financial standing but my respect for liberty that determines my position. Mandatory fees are a product of a system in which the fiscal independence of every student is subject to control by a few. In further response to your assumption about my supposed socio-economic background, it is illogical for you to pass a value judgment against me when in fact I have never met you. At this point I would note that this past summer, I worked over 800 hours at my job (in order to finance school), which I travelled to on foot because I am not "independently wealthy" enough to afford a car.

If it is indeed logical, as you say, to pool our fees would you then go on to say that it is logical to send UVSS leadership to partisan CFS meetings at students' expense? I certainly cannot see the logic in this statement.

I would now like to appeal to others of a like mind to speak out against the tyranny, corruption and blatant partisan support for the NDP by the UVSS/CFS. I believe the silent majority has stood by for too long—the time for change is now!

Michael Gismondi

Forget CFS fee—Remember our skyrocketing tuition

Is our campus Young Liberals/Gordon Campbell cheerleading squad really concerned about the small amount students pay each year as members of the Canadian Federation of Students? I don't think so. I suspect their complaints are actually part of a larger campaign to silence the Canadian Federation of Students' criticism of their party's tuition fee hikes. And that is an unacceptable affront to democracy.

Mary Jane Richards

What criteria make a regime fascist?

Before Mr. Hanson's call for a boycott of the United States as a solution for dealing with its "fascist Nazi regime" can be taken seriously ("It's time to boycott America," Oct. 14), have him come out and say that he supported the United Nations' sanctions on Saddam Hussein's Iraq, a truly fascist regime and regional aggressor.

It might also be helpful to compare the Nazi Holocaust to Camp Delta at Guantanamo Bay, where former inmates enthusiastically report eating better and getting healthier during their detention and wanting to immigrate to the United States after they leave.

Jon Hayes

Stupid profs deserve rude students

I read with interest the article "Rude students piss off profs, classmates at York" (Oct. 14). One professor said, "There are a lot of students who just look bored, tired and disinterested." Another said that he had had a student who was a "dyed-in-the-wool note-passer." I won't defend rudeness, but it seems to me that university professors who misuse "disinterested" and "dyed-in-the-wool" deserve everything they get.

Gregory Rowe
Associate Professor
Dept. of Greek and Roman Studies

Einstein anti-fascist, not communist

Tim Boultbee's article "Was Einstein a communist?" (Oct. 7) points out that Albert Einstein was a member of a committee that supported the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, the American contingent that fought for the elected republican government of Spain during that country's civil war in 1936-9.

The story has a Canadian connection. Einstein also supported the Canadians who fought against fascism in Spain.

He was a sponsor of the Friends of the Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion Rehabilitation Fund, which gave assistance to Canadians who were wounded in Spain. Nor did he forget the Spanish people after General Francisco Franco came to power. He was a supporter of the Spanish Refugee Appeal of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee in 1948-9.

So in response to the question raised in Boultbee's article: Einstein likely was not a communist, but he certainly was an anti-fascist.

Larry Hannant
Dept. of History

Struggling to be bohemian in B.C.

by Andrea Dupuis

Julie, the bartender, a bubbly young woman with pigtails, seems excited to see customers as we take a seat at the bar. Lucianos, the bar formerly known as Suze Lounge on Yates Street in Victoria, is empty except for a couple whose body gestures suggest they will be leaving shortly. My drinking companion and possible baby sitter, Amy, has agreed to come along in case she has to carry me home after my first try of absinthe. I am the cheapest of drunks, so at 70 per cent alcohol, one small glass of the green fairy could be deadly.

Absinthe reappeared on B.C. liquor store shelves in 2001, after being banned for almost a hundred years. The hype surrounding its legalization has dwindled considerably. At $10.50 a pop, who can afford to spend the money it takes for absinthe to actually work? One would have to drink three or four small glasses to feel anything substantial. According to Shawn Cafferky, a professor of history at the University of Victoria and an expert on alcohol, "Absinthe is a strange drink to begin with."

In France, absinthe reached its peak of popularity in the late 19th century when cafés were filled with vibrant absinthe drinkers. The liquor became so popular in France it was served before meals in place of wine. Parisians of both upper and lower classes frequented bars and cafés to drink the green fairy. According to Doris Lanier in the book *Cocaine of the 19th Century*, "(In Paris) the noon hour is a little fete, when people try to forget they are working for their living . . . They sit outside upon the sidewalk, even in the wintertime and sip their drink . . . They drink it very slowly; by slow degrees they feel their poor, tired backbones strengthen and their brains grow clearer, and they feel a touch of happiness."

Julie comes back with two cognac glasses a quarter full of greenish liquid, which smells similar to spearmint mouthwash. I sniff it and prepare myself for the first sip. I never drink hard liquor and would prefer a pint of cold beer. The intense aroma of absinthe brings back memories of shooting straight vodka from a bottle in a paper bag in my high school washroom. I feel a bit queasy. Before drinking, Julie shows us the Hills brand bottle so we can get a better idea of what we are about to ingest. It lists alcohol, water, sugar, wormwood, flavouring and colour as its ingredients.

I ask Julie how many of these drinks she sells. She says very few now because of the high cost, but when it was legalized, everyone came down to try it. The B.C. Liquor Store also sells Hills brand, imported from the Czech Republic. The 26-ounce bottle sells for $79.65.

Absinthe was banned in North America and Europe in 1912 because it was linked with murderous behaviour. Researchers during the period of its banishment claimed that an addiction to absinthe, or "absinthism," was associated with visual hallucinations, epilepsy, brain damage, and increased risk of psychiatric illness and suicide.

One need not worry about falling fatally ill after trying Hills brand. The absinthe sold in B.C. is not the same absinthe of the 1900s—it is a highly diluted version. The main ingredient, wormwood, is derived from the plant Artemisia Absinthium. Wormwood releases the chemical thujone, which is similar to THC found in marijuana. Traditional absinthe contained about 250 parts thujone per million, while the Hills brand contains no thujone at all. In Canada, it is illegal to sell any absinthe over 10 parts thujone per million. In the article "Absinthe of Malice," Colby Cosh says that even though current-day absinthe has no thujone, people who try it "insist that even the low-powered present-day still creates a unique, almost hypnotic effect, one in which ferocious amounts of alcohol in the beverage is offset by a certain haunting clarity of perception." Absinthe also contains such herbs as arnica, licorice and fennel, known for their aphrodisiac qualities.

Perhaps the most notorious absinthe indulgers were the French poets Verlaine and Rimbaud, who could often be found in the Latin Quarter of Paris drunkenly yelling lines of poetry to each other. Paul Verlaine was born in Metz, France, in 1844. At age 17, he began drinking absinthe. Verlaine met Rimbaud in 1872 when Rimbaud was only 16 years old. The two quickly became good friends. They went to the bars together, shared the same friends and stayed out late on absinthe binges. Rimbaud was especially interested in new experiences. He believed the poet must degrade himself and experience love in all its forms in order to capture its essence. He also believed the poet must experience "every form of love, of suffering, of madness."

The two poets quarrelled violently when drunk. On one occasion after a disagreement, Verlaine shot Rimbaud twice in the wrist with his revolver. Verlaine was charged with criminal assault and given a jail sentence, even though Rimbaud asked for the charges to be dropped. When Verlaine was released from prison, they tried to unsuccessfully reconcile. Rimbaud stopped writing poetry when he was 20 and died of complications from a cancerous tumor in his leg at age 37. Verlaine died in 1896 of pneumonia. Before his death, he was diagnosed with a slew of illnesses: diabetes, syphilis, heart disease and cirrhosis of the liver.

The pair's relentless pursuit of creativity through absinthe eventually caused them both more harm than good. They sought out adventure and a way to experience new realms, and absinthe supplied a way. Both Rimbaud's and Verlaine's poetry is filled with allusions to the drink. In Rimbaud's poem, "Alchimie du verbe," he writes of how absinthe twisted his mind: "I got used to elementary hallucination: I could very precisely /

BERKLEY BRADY PHOTO

BERKLEY BRADY PHOTO

ANDREW CIENSKI PHOTO

see a mosque instead of a factory, a school of drums made by angles, / carts on the highways of the sky, a drawing room at the bottom / of a lake; monsters and mysteries. A vaudevilles title filled me / with awe. / And so I explained my magical sophistries by turning words / into visions!"

In the past, indulgence in absinthe was linked to a bohemian lifestyle, exemplified by writers such as Verlaine and Rimbaud. The ritual of absinthe drinking makes it so alluring: the spoon, the glass, sugar, the sounds in the room as one takes the first sip. In Paris, cafés were an escape from the real world.

According to Cafferky, in the European context, cafés were liberal places where people went not only to drink but also to eat and exchange ideas. In North America, we had taverns, which were designed primarily for alcohol consumption. They were often the first establishment built in a new town and doubled as schools, courthouses and churches. Taverns soon became saloons, which were considered to be more civilized establishments.

The scene in Lucianos is a stark contrast to what I envision the cafés in Paris would have been. In place of goblets, we have glasses. Instead of jazz, we have techno music pumping from the speakers.

Why, after almost a hundred years, has the British Columbia government decided to legalize absinthe? Cafferky says he could not imagine anyone writing his or her MLA to ask for it to be legalized. Absinthe caters only to an elite fraction of the alcohol market. I am spending my grocery money to try absinthe; one drink is equivalent to nine boxes of Carriage House brand Mac 'n' Cheese. Amy is using laundry change to buy hers. According to Cafferky, "The average person with little disposable income would stay away from it." Most people who try the imported, diluted version of absinthe are, like Amy and me, in search of nostalgia. We are looking for a way to tap into the experiences of the 19th-century writers.

"Every generation will wind up discovering what every other generation discovered," Cafferky explains. "Except they will make it their own."

I want my first experience with absinthe to be as real as possible. Having researched the drink before coming to Lucianos, I insist Julie serve it in the traditional manner. She looks at me with wonderment. "Oh, with a spoon?" she asks.

She comes back with a pack of matches and a spoon topped with white sugar and she lights the spoon on fire. As the sugar burns, it half melts into a caramelized liquid. I pour the spoonful into the glass and it sinks to the bottom. I try to stir it, but the granules are still coarse and won't fully dissolve.

"I've never done this before," Julie says.

Unlike lighting a spoon on fire, preparation of traditional absinthe had a unique ritual that took a certain amount of concentration and expertise. One would hold a slotted spoon over a goblet full of absinthe and ice cubes. As the sugar was poured over the spoon, the greenish liquid would turn a pale green similar to the colour of a jade leaf.

Amy closes her eyes and readies to chug it back. She has tried real absinthe before and has warned me about the awful taste. She shoots it. I take slower sips as I struggle to savour the intense flavor. It has an absolutely awful taste, similar to cough syrup or to pouring rubbing alcohol on the tongue. The liquor has a slight black-licorice aftertaste, but I have to take a gulp of water after each sip to stomach it. It burns its way down my chest. My ears and cheeks become hot and blushed. We wait in anticipation for the effects to hit us.

Amy recalls the first time she tried real absinthe after a friend brought a bottle back from Prague, "It was crazy, everything was colourful, we sat and drew with crayons for hours."

We wait a few more minutes.
"Do you feel it yet?" Amy asks.
"No, do you?"
"Sort of, I think . . ."
I start to feel a little tipsy and my legs begin to feel weightless, though the sensation is far from what I expected. In trying the drink, I hoped to discover what led Verlaine and Rimbaud to relentlessly indulge in absinthe. Unfortunately, it has left me with little more than a stomach ache. Amy and I clear up our bill and put on our coats. As we make our way through the crowd waiting to get into Lucky Bar next door, Amy says, "It's nothing like the real stuff."

If you want to try absinthe in town, drop by Irish Times on Government St. To get it served up the traditional way, go to Nautical Nellies on Broughton and Wharf.

BERKLEY BRADY PHOTO

BERKLEY BRADY PHOTO

Firebugs glow behind bars

by Ashley Akins

William Head prison guards escorted curious theatre enthusiasts through barbed wire Friday night as they lined up to await the approval of the narcotics detection dog. After the hands of male spectators were stamped to ensure their release following the performance, a secured minibus transferred the nervous patrons into the institution for the opening night of *Firebugs*, this year's production by William Head on Stage, Canada's only professional theatre company behind bars.

"[Watching a play] here is very experiential," says director Britt Small. "You forget you're inside a prison. Then when you leave, you realize [the actors] have to stay."

Small, 32, a recent UVic master of theatre graduate, has worked with the inmates since the beginning of August on their production of *Firebugs*, an absurdist comedy written by Austrian playwright Max Frisch. The play is a surreal post-Second World War parody that deals with societal ignorance in a subtle, comedic manner. The plot structure is anything but clear, but it somehow unravels the story of two arsonists who destroy a village. After intermission, the stage transforms from Earth to hell where Lucifer goes on strike because heaven refuses to give him any souls.

"What it comes down to is that heaven and hell aren't getting along," says 30-year-old actor Dustin Olson, a second-degree convict serving life on parole. "It's absurd and ridiculous," he says. "We're all sitting in hell." Olson plays Lucifer.

"It's true to reality in the sense that you can't just be nice to people if they have an ulterior motive," says convict Bruce Peters, 40, who acts as Beelzebub. "That's how cons work."

The completely inmate-driven company is an interesting yet "surprisingly normal" environment for Small to work in.

NIC HUME PHOTO

Britt Small directs inmates in William Head prison's production *Firebugs*.

"It's true drama," she says. "The inmates keep it alive."

The all-male prisoners are respectful and professional towards Small and their two female co-stars from the Victoria community.

"Chivalry is not dead," Small insists. "They know it's a privilege for us [females] to be up there and they act like perfect gentlemen around us." The inmates have even been known to bake pies for their female guests.

Maybe this respect has to do with Small's collaborative approach to directing.

"Britt is definitely not a dictator," says Gillian Reiss, a UVic theatre major who acts in Small's theatre company, Atomic Vaudeville. "She is patient and open."

Peters adds that Small "encourages you to take your acting to the limit."

For Small, it is important to be a collaborative, open-minded and innovative director which is, in part, why she seized the opportunity to direct a production for William Head on Stage.

"They're very much a part of the theatre community even though they are behind bars," she says.

The theatre company is part of William Head's rehabilitation process that focuses on the inmates' re-integration into society rather than punishment. In addition to the theatre company, inmates live in dormitory-style houses, cook their own food, work, and organize other social activities, such as baseball games and First Nations healing practices.

Small believes that this innovative yet controversial approach to rehabilitation is more beneficial than traditional ways of punishment.

"We forget that the feeling of being incarcerated in itself is oppressing," she says. "You can see the inmates come alive during rehearsal. They are able to see something happen until it is completed."

"What [the theatre company] does for the inmates is invaluable," says Olson. "It gives us something to look forward to, a sense of purpose."

Last year, the prison converted from medium- to minimum-security but there are still medium-security convicts finishing their sentences for anything from bank robbery to murder. William Head is often the inmates' last institution before they are integrated into society.

"Some of the guys I work with have been in here for 20 years, and then suddenly they are leaving," says Small. "It's mind-opening."

Though this behind-the-bars version of *Firebugs* is a major production, for Small it is just another interesting gig while she makes her mark on the island community.

"She is one of the most promising people in Victoria theatre," says Ian Case, general manager of Intrepid Theatre Company. "In a couple of years, we could see her play a huge role in Canada's theatre industry."

She has already won an award for best director after UVic's 2003 production of *Circus Fire*, and *Money Magazine* acclaimed her as "The Most Daring Director of 2003." This summer, she co-created her own cabaret theatre company, Atomic Vaudeville, which holds performances every month.

Now, shortly after receiving her master's degree in directing, another of her creations has set the stage, and opened the normally locked gates of William Head to the public.

Firebugs runs every Thursday to Saturday night until Nov. 6. Doors open at 6:30 p.m., and the show starts at 7:30 p.m. Tickets are $12.50. Spectators must be at least 19 years old..

Living the gangsta life in San Andreas

Grand Theft Auto is back!

by Ford Walker

Fans of violence and gore rejoice: the newest *Grand Theft Auto* is being released on Oct. 25. This time, Rockstar Studios has turned from the East Coast and set up camp in a Los Angeles-themed mecca called San Andreas. The map will be even larger than the gargantuan Vice City, and will encompass areas much like San Francisco (San Fierro), Las Vegas (Las Venturas), L.A. (Los Santos), plus a lot of area with a country-farmer feel in between.

Some new innovations will help *San Andreas* stand out from the last two *GTA* titles. First and most prominent is a new role-playing game (RPG) feel. You'll be able to customize your character, CJ, with true gang-banging characteristics, from his hair to his clothes, right down to tattoos. Equally cool, Rockstar has added a new food system. It's a very simple concept: if you don't eat, CJ will get tired and not be able to move as fast. His appearance will change, and he'll become emaciated. But if you feed CJ too much, he'll get fat. No worries—a simple trip to the gym will help him get in shape. CJ also needs to go to a dojo to learn his martial arts moves. This should bring an element of reality to the game.

A lot of missions that CJ undertakes will be to protect his family or avenge a fallen brother, and it wouldn't make any sense if he got paid for it. Considering you'll have to pay for food and clothes, money will be a bit tight. That's why Rockstar has added home invasion missions. CJ can steal a moving truck, park it out front of a house and proceed to rob the house. Different houses have different loot, and richer houses are likely to have security alarms, dogs or even armed guards.

One of the most aggravating problems in *GTA 3* and *Vice City* was that the character could not swim. This led to hours of frustration whenever cars were launched into the water while trying to pull off an awesome jump. San Andreas remedies this problem. Now your character can swim, albeit not forever. Swimming will take away some energy, and when that's all gone you'll be sleeping with the fishes.

Every new *GTA* brings new vehicles with it. *Vice City* was innovative when it brought helicopters and motorcycles. In *San Andreas*, you'll also have access to bicycles, dirt quads and tractors.

In the past two titles, every car that you stole was in brand new condition. Not so in this installment. Your chances of stealing a brand new car are limited, and you're more likely to jack a rusted car, which might have a broken fender or even bullet holes in the roof and doors. Car washes are sure to fight off the dirt and keep your ride in pimp-mobile condition.

Overall, this game is set to satisfy. The thug style should take party gaming to a new level, and Victorians are going to be bumping some NWA, knocking back a few 40s, rolling a few blunts and living the true gangsta life.

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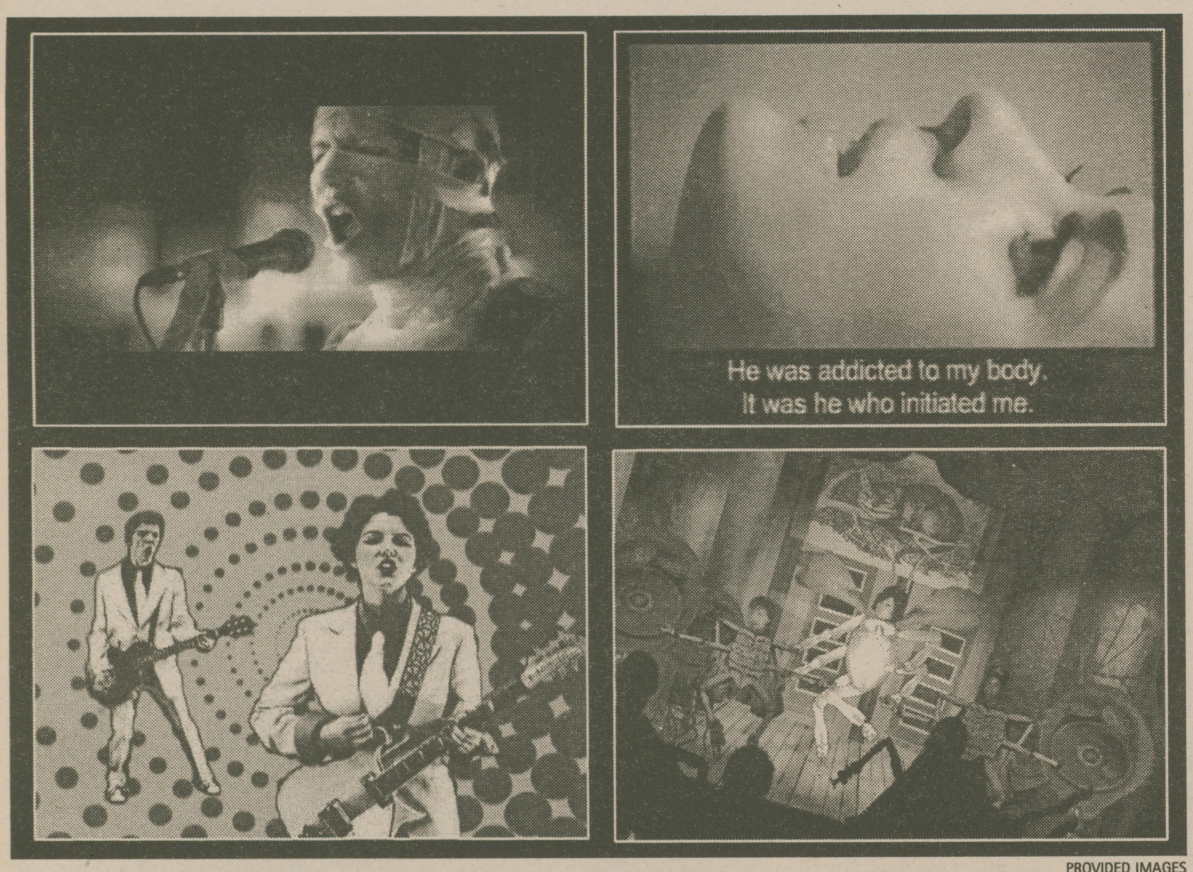

PROVIDED IMAGES

Look out MuchMusic

by Andrea Dupuis

If you're anything like me, you're fed up with all that hip-gyrating pop-rock, hip-rock, R&B crap on MuchMusic and MTV.

Whatever happened to art in music videos? The videos on commercial TV stations are so artistically lacking, they might as well cut the music altogether and film the singers and dancers engaged in a group orgy.

Somehow art has been replaced with spectacle. The good news—there is hope for music videos.

This weekend, the highly anticipated Indie Music Video Festival (IMVF) returns to Victoria, sure to offer a superb array of offbeat, mind-blowing, intelligent music videos.

"It is stuff you don't see on MuchMusic. None of the postulating, thrusting of loins, bling-bling self-aggrandizement," says Marcus Rogers, a filmmaker and technical producer for the IMVF, based out of Vancouver. "We get all these videos that are dreams, poems and stories with intellectual content."

Every year the IMVF receives hundreds of video submissions from artists across the globe. The three IMVF organizers, Nicole Stee, Frank Yar, and Rogers, select the top 50 videos and then cut them down based on audience feedback.

The result is a diverse range of indie videos from Moneen, Kid Koala, local band Jets Overhead, Germany's The Notwist and others. The videos are as diverse in musical style as they are in content. Ranging from punk rock to industrial, each video is carefully chosen for its mastery of the form. Some, like the videos by KMFDM and D.O.A., are political, while others are more focused on high-calibre digital animation.

"Technologically advanced art is the pinnacle of modern art," says Rogers.

The IMVF videos stay true to indie. One of the submission requirements is that none of the artists can be signed to a major record label. The only exception is "Kick It!," a Peaches and Iggy Pop duet. But it doesn't really count because, according to Rogers, "Iggy is indie."

The festival has had tremendous success and audience reception has been spectacular. They have taken the show to Toronto, Vancouver, New York, Seattle and other cities across North America.

"It seems like it is really starting to crystallize. People are taking indie music videos seriously," says Rogers. The onslaught of trash music videos (think Britney fondling her breasts in the rain or Jessica Simpson scrubbing a kitchen floor) has people looking for music videos that have some substance.

"The art of music videos has been so exploited commercially. These videos are different," Rogers explains.

The IMVF runs for three nights in Victoria, featuring over 40 videos each night and local musicians playing after the videos. David P. Smith and Hang the DJ play on Thursday night, the Dayglo Abortions rip it up on Friday night, and young video-lovers can see a selection of videos on Saturday before the all-ages Bosevus Festival featuring Che Chapter 127, The Rampant and One Drop, among others.

Rogers guarantees the audience will be blown away with a giant screen, great sound and staggering visuals—all with no commercials. He says some of the videos are so good, "they are like paintings that move."

So this weekend, when you can't stand watching another Nelly video, turn off the TV, head out to the IMVF and watch something worthwhile.

Pursue your creative dream in 30 days

by Kelly Clark

What am I doing this November?

That's the question to be asking yourself. Aside from reading break, November is a month fairly devoid of activity around Victoria—a time of gloomy, grey skies and far too much rain. So while it's cold and wet outside, why not stay in and do something productive?

Why not write a novel?

That's right—a novel.

November is National Novel Writing Month (NaNoWriMo), and the group that started the whole shebang is challenging all of the aspiring authors of the world to write a novel in 30 days.

It's a simple contest: Each hopeful author signs up for the event and at 12:01a.m. on Nov. 1 they begin writing a 175-page novel (50,000 words, or roughly 15 essays) and don't stop until midnight on Nov. 30.

The main goal of NaNoWriMo is to show aspiring writers that they do have time to pursue their creative dreams. It offers kamikaze-style motivation which propels them forward through fear and the ever-present lack of time that many writers use as an excuse to stay away from their stories.

NaNoWriMo's one-month-only policy also helps take the edge off by focusing on productivity over quality, plot or even talent. A quote from their website proclaims: "Make no mistake: You will be writing a lot of crap. And that's a good thing. By forcing yourself to write so intensely, you are giving yourself permission to make mistakes. To forgo the endless tweaking and editing and just create. To build without tearing down."

If you're embarassed or even nervous about submitting such a large piece of your intellectual property, you don't need to be. Novels submitted to NaNoWriMo are word counted, checked for authentic writing (no credit for people who cut and paste "I love the cheese" for 175 pages, sorry), and then are promptly deleted. All rights are held by the author, so when it's all said and done, you can even try to publish your work if you so choose. The only prize is a satisfied feeling and your name recorded forever in their hall of fame.

You can spend as much time as you want prior to Nov. 1 preparing for your novel and plotting and developing characters to your heart's content, but all prose must be saved for the actual start date. NaNoWriMo only accepts typed works for word count and addition to their hall of fame, but if you're lacking a computer, NaNoWriMo actually donates laptops to its computerless competitors.

NaNoWriMo does more than just encourage writers to write; this non-profit organization is also helping to build libraries for children in Cambodia. They're currently working on raising the required $60,000 and are already over a fourth of the way there.

NaNoWriMo is a great event, a fun time and a lot of positive stress to add to your slow, grey November.

Are you up for the challenge?

GRAHAM STARK GRAPHIC

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A feast for the senses

Toronto Dance Theatre presents *Persephone's Lunch*

by Rena Blom

When asked about his decision to pursue dance as a career, Matthew Waldie says, "You know, there's that saying—find something you love doing and find a way to get paid doing it."

Like many, the Toronto Dance Theatre company member recognizes the fact that there are no guarantees in choosing to pursue a career in the arts. "I knew going into it that it's not like you can get rich doing this. You definitely have to love doing it, and I do love doing it."

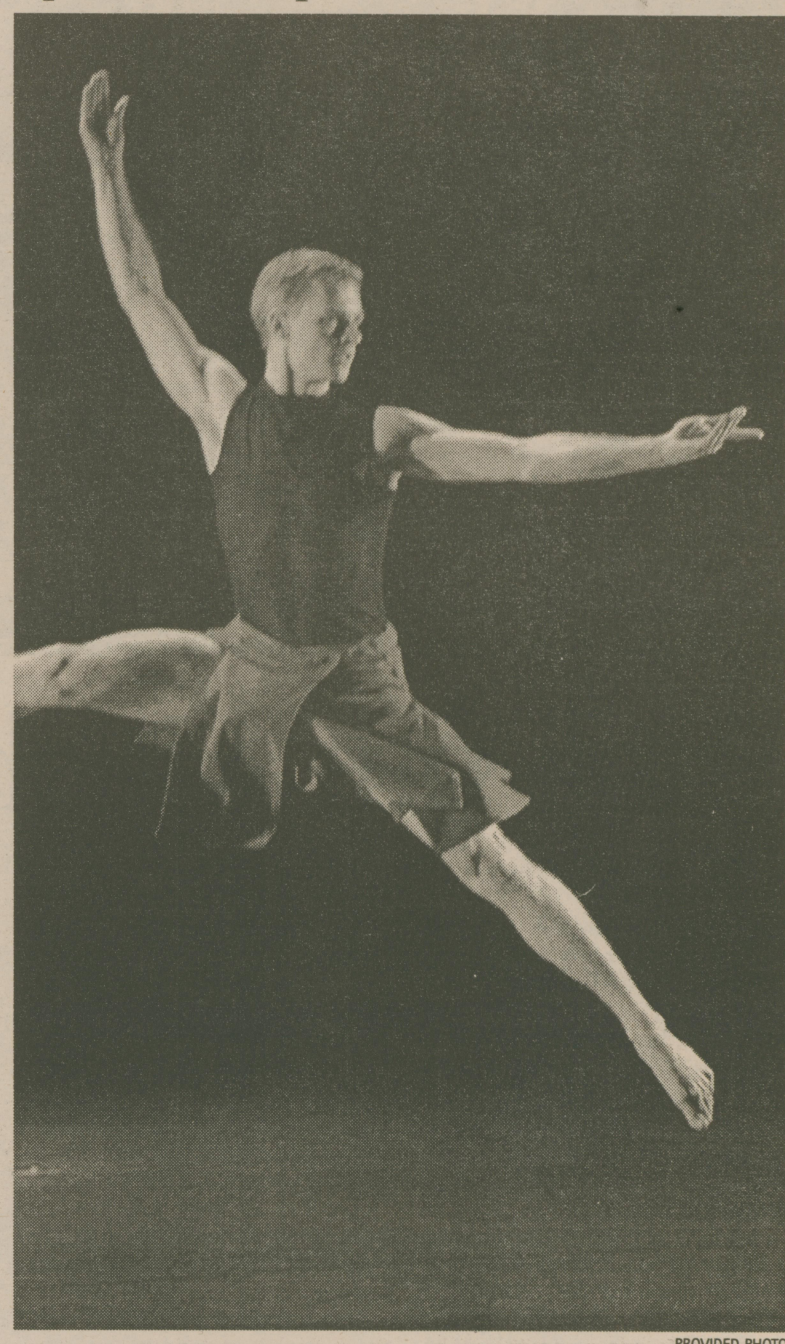
The young dancer admits to having a bit of a charmed career so far. After graduating high school, he went straight to the prestigious Royal Winnipeg Ballet School and within two years completed its professional program. Immediately following his graduation there, Waldie landed an internship with one of Canada's premier modern dance companies, the Toronto Dance Theatre (TDT).

Now in his first year as a full-time member with the company, Waldie is returning to his hometown of Victoria to perform with TDT for the first time. "It's really nice to be back here with the company . . . It's nice to be able to come back and say 'Look, this is what I've come to and I'm still growing from here.'"

This Friday, TDT will be presenting the much-acclaimed *Persephone's Lunch* from artistic director Christopher House. This will be the first time the piece has been performed in Victoria. It will be accompanied by two of House's earlier works, *Four Towers* and *Islands*.

"They're beautiful pieces," says Waldie. "They're very different thematically, and the style and feel of them are quite unique." *Persephone's Lunch*, which has been described as a "multidisciplinary feast for the senses," is loosely based on Homer's *Odyssey* and incorporates a variety of dance and art forms. When asked about what audience members can expect from the show, Waldie explains: "The *Odyssey* is all about a journey and you definitely get that feel from it . . . that you're being taken on or watching this journey. It feels very much like you're moving."

Waldie is optimistic about the future of Victoria's dance community with the opening of Ballet Victoria, as well as some new dance studios throughout the city. When it comes to modern dance, though, he sees Victoria as being "a little sheltered, a little conservative."



PROVIDED PHOTO

Hometown boy Matthew Waldie in *Persephone's Lunch*

"If we could have more companies coming and performing and have more exposure to modern - I think that it will be very well received."

Attending a modern dance show can be intimidating to some, often because audience members assume that the choreography always carries with it some deep and hidden meaning. Sometimes it does, but Waldie is quick to suggest that modern dance can sometimes be better appreciated if audience members "enjoy it for the movement itself."

"I think that people can take it for what it is, as how they experienced it," he said.

According to Waldie, one of the best things about attending a show choreographed by Christopher House is its ability to appeal to a wide audience.

"It has so many different elements to it. Christopher's choreography often has a very subtle humour to it. An audience tends to forget that it can laugh—that they're allowed to laugh . . . I think it's great if audiences react in the most natural way they want to. If they want to burst out laughing, I think it's great if they do."

Persephone's Lunch will be playing for one night only at the Royal Theatre, Friday, Oct. 22. Tickets range from $24 to $39.

Smooth, sharp and original

The Marble Index
The Marble Index
Universal

by Rebecca Peric

You know when you hear some catchy little tune and for a long time after you wonder who wrote it? Then you forget about it, and a while later you check out some new band and there's your song!

"I Believe" by The Marble Index is one of those songs.

The Marble Index is a punk-rock trio from Hamilton, Ont. They just released their self-titled debut, which features the single "I Believe."

The word "catchy" jumps out when thinking of how to describe their music. It's not that pop-type catchy, the kind that when it gets stuck in your head, it makes you want to take a .45 and blow your brains out. It's music that settles nicely into your brain. It soothes rather then aggravates.

Brad Germain's vocals have a sweet, soothing tone. It's almost as if he's just talking . . . but melodically. It's a lullaby voice. Adam Knickle's drums bring a lot of the "punk" into the music with up-tempos and colourful rolls. Ryan Tweedle's bass plays around with the drums and adds more warm flavour. With Germain on guitar filling up any holes, together they make a remarkable band.

The Marble Index isn't trying to copy other bands. When listening to their CD, there's no point where you stop and think, "Hey, that sounds just like . . ." They're just themselves, which is a nice change from a lot of modern bands.

It's easy to see why "I Believe" is their single. It keeps on pulling at you, gives you a bit back and then pulls some more.

The opening riff of "Missing File" is another of the CD's highlights. Something about it made me repeat the first 12 seconds of the song over and over again until eventually I realized that I would never figure out why it was so appealing.

"I Die" also stands out. It definitely suits Germain's voice. His vocals seem to float over the gently rolling music.

All of their songs are uniquely The Marble Index. There's no mistaking that. They have their own feel, and they don't venture out too far. Fortunately, listening to the album isn't like listening to one song on repeat. Even though there isn't a huge diversity from track to track, each song has its own unique feature, making the CD as a whole an awesome debut for The Marble Index.

The Marble Index will be playing at Central Bar on Saturday, Nov. 13.

Immaculate Machine climbs the indie charts

by Annie Meikle

Local band Immaculate Machine will play a homecoming show this Friday night to celebrate their return from a six-month cross-Canada tour. After releasing their latest album, *Transporter*, in May, keyboardist Kathryn Calder, bassist Brooke Gallup and drummer Luke Kozlowski set out on tour to "play as much as possible" and delve into the Toronto indie music scene.

By living out of their van and "staying on random weirdos' floors," the band sprinkled its musical talents all the way to Halifax. They played more than 90 shows, including North by Northeast, the Pop Montreal festival and, of course, a make-out party. Immaculate Machine charted on a few university radio stations, even hitting number one in both Halifax and Victoria.

Toronto doubled as home base in July and August. There the band networked with up-and-coming Canadian groups like The Constantines and Jim Guthrie, and even managed to do a recording session with Mike Olsen of The Hidden Cameras.

While the grassroots nature of the tour meant the three long-time friends made their own CD, booked all their shows and did their own promotion, Gallup maintains they are pleased with the results.

"We're not on MuchMusic or selling songs to ads or anything," he says, "but we played lots of shows, sold lots of CDs, charted high on several college stations and made great contacts."

Gallup claims the tour also helped future goals become less blurry. "I think now that we've done the seat-of-our-pants indie touring, we are starting to understand some of the subtleties of the business."

Over the next few months, he hopes to focus on the behind-the-scenes aspects of making music and play shows that are closer to home. One such show will include the infamous Nardwuar and the Evaporators. "We're going to talk to people we've met and start thinking about producers, record labels, and that type of thing," Gallup says, "but we won't call our van home for a while."

Musical pursuits won't see Immaculate Machine settling permanently in Toronto either. "The distractions of the big city make it hard to spend as much time writing and practicing. Plus, we only saw it in the summer," he jokes.

Transporter shows that all the writing and practising definitely pays off. Calder's sweet melodies and Gallup's strong baritone blend together to seek out the listener and lend a personal edge to the music. Poppy angst frustration with knowing "what it is to search for meaning in the meaningless" is juxtaposed with heartfelt, melodic snapshots of dark affliction and secret longings. The compilation ends in a poignant affirmation of friendship in "Tell It To The Ones Who Care."

Sway, dance and eat free cake at 9 p.m. on Friday, Oct. 22 as the Fifty-fifty Arts Collective (2516 Douglas St. at Bay) hosts an all ages, '50s-style homecoming dance. Vancouver band Cadeaux (ex-Operation Music) and local synth-pop band The Ray Gun will set the tone for what's sure to be an immaculate evening. Tickets are $7 at the door.

PROVIDED PHOTO

Immaculate Machine play a homecoming show this Friday.

A hangover you just might deserve

Bowling For Soup
A Hangover You Don't Deserve
Jive Records

by Kelly Clark

Let's cut to the chase: if you like bands like A Simple Plan or want a fluffier version of The Offspring, you're going to love Bowling For Soup.

With a whopping 17 songs (44 tracks if you include the bonus material), this CD is in itself a worthy purchase for anyone who downloads music in protest of all the 10-track wonders on the market. On top of this, BFS is an unusually talented and, get this, deep band.

From upbeat flashback songs to peppy love ballads, the only thing the tracks share in common is a good, steady beat that has the power to make you tap your feet.

That's not all, though—the songs are actually smart. Even more impressive, BFS was classified as pop when they were up for a Grammy in 2003. Smart pop-punk is a rare, rare thing. Almost as rare as an artist actually knowing what a double negative is.

With so many carbon copy artists on the market, it's refreshing to see a band that isn't afraid to just have fun performing their music in their own way.

Pick up a copy of *A Hangover You Don't Deserve* if you have a chance. If you like it, you'll love it, and you'll have a lot to love.

And if you don't, at least you can say you own a CD by Bowling for Soup.

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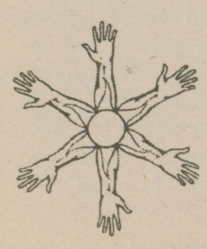

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PROVIDED PHOTO

Metric plays Sugar Nightclub this Saturday night.

Dance music with a bite

Synth-rockers Metric won't be relaxing any time soon

by Sean Patrick Sullivan

They're Canada's hippest new band, straddling the line between cheeky new wave and '80s synth pop. Known for singer Emily Haines' sex appeal, catchy keyboard riffs and connections to Toronto fuzz-indie rockers Broken Social Scene, Metric is all the rage.

After a string of shows in New York, Miami, New Orleans and Seattle, the band is working their way across Western Canada, en route to Victoria where they headline at Sugar this Saturday.

Despite some obvious influences, Haines says '80s music had no real bearing on the group.

"A lot of the references in our music really came later—when I think of the '80s, I think of pretty horrible music," she laughs. "At a recent show, Loverboy was playing right before we went on, and that's what I think of when I think of the '80s. It's not the cooler stuff like the Talking Heads, Blondie or the Pretenders."

Metric started as a duo between singer/keyboardist Haines and guitarist James Shaw—also a member of Broken Social Scene—partially because of their shared dislike for Toronto funk bands.

"There was this chapter in Toronto when those were the only bands that were playing—white dreadlocks and funk cover bands. It was all just really lame," she said. "It's not like I was doing anything better. I just knew I wanted to look up to something, and there was nothing to look up to."

After recording their first album, *Grow Up and Blow Away*, the duo enlisted bassist Josh Winstead and drummer Joules Scott-Key for the acclaimed follow-up, *Old World Underground*.

Since then, the band has garnered sold-out shows, packed crowds and radio play across the country.

"It's amazing. The places where people know us they seem to slowly sing along. In Boston, I got really stoned before we played and just forgot all my parts," she laughed. "I couldn't play 'Calculation (Theme)' but people were singing so loudly that it didn't even matter—I just stopped."

Old World Underground tackles social and political issues but never in an overt, Rage Against the Machine, freak-out-annoying way. Haines says she doesn't try to be political in her lyrics and that they're rarely personal.

"I'm not a huge fan of confessional writing, so it's not going to be a lot of hyper-personal stuff. But the record we just made was definitely a reflection of the six or seven years we spent living in the States and what was going on around us."

It's like bubblegum dance music, with bite.

The new tour also means new songs. "We've been adjusting the set to how everyone's feeling—what our mood's like—and it turns out we're playing a lot of new songs, four or five new ones." The songs, including "Live it Out" and "Patriarch on a Vespa," will be on the new record to be released in January.

A single for "Dead Disco" was also just released with "hilarious dance remixes."

Of course, the end of this tour won't see the band relaxing anytime soon. Haines is working on a solo record of piano songs—"If I have it my way, it'll sound like the ballads on Bowie records. It's not like cottage country music"—and Shaw is heading off to Europe with Broken Social Scene.

They'll all meet up again in New York when Broken opens for the Pixies in December, and Metric will hook up a headlining show in the city too.

For now, go and see Haines sway on Saturday at Sugar Nightclub.

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Puppets and puke

by Stephanie Bowen

When Paramount execs were given their first screening of *Team America: World Police*, Trey Parker and Matt Stone's latest slice of sub-Americana, they knew only that the film would feature marionettes. The first shot was of a poorly constructed puppet in front of a hand-drawn, hack-job background of Paris, prompting one suit to exclaim, "Oh my God, they fucked us!" The shot then panned out to incorporate an elaborate set, complete with fully functional, eerily attractive puppets. Parker and Stone stood to the side, giggling.

While the response to the film quickly shifted, the sensation remains: *Team America* screws with pretty much everybody.

A subversion of the political action-thriller format, it's the well-worn story of an evil terrorist mastermind plotting a synchronized strike against the grand, old U.S. of A. Team America, an elite anti-terrorist task force, has to save the day.

Gary the actor (voiced by Parker) must overcome his demons, infiltrate the unified terrorist coalition (right . . .) and gather intelligence. Joe, Sarah, Chris and Lisa will then follow with heavy artillery, spouting witticisms like "terrorize this." All the while, "America, Fuck Yeah," the film's theme song, rallies them to victory.

The goings-on in your typical, "serious" action film are generally bizarre enough to warrant a laugh or two.

But there's something about watching puppets—strings and all—avoid imminent death and save the world. It really brings home the ridiculousness. Pairing blatantly unrealistic characters with a genre that takes itself too seriously results in hilarity.

These puppets don't just offer up action-packed laughs. They also provide scathing political satire. The opening moments of the film are its money shot: in an effort to capture Arab terrorists in France, Team America destroys all of Paris. Standing amidst a collapsed Eiffel Tower and Arc de Triomphe, a jubilant Sarah says, "It's okay, everyone! We've caught the terrorists!" This leads us to question who the real terrorists are.

Puppets. Evil puppets. It's almost too clever.

Almost, but not quite. The unfortunate thing about such a brilliant idea being left in the hands of Parker and Stone, creators of *South Park*, is that a certain amount of toilet humour always creeps in. In an attempt to appease everyone, especially themselves, the directors include scenes of raunchy puppet sex, epic vomiting sprees and an elaborate dick/pussy/asshole metaphor that was met with rampant applause.

Midway through the film, another kind of immaturity rears its ugly head. It's as if Parker and Stone forget just what it is they're mocking, and the plot rapidly deteriorates into a cheap-shot free-for-all. No one is safe in Team America: Michael Moore, Alec Baldwin, Kim Jong-Il, Tim Robbins, Matt Damon, all of the Middle East, the Screen Actor's Guild, the hit musical *Rent* . . . the list goes on. And on. And on. Any semblance of a message is buried under widespread and aimless mockery, and an otherwise loaded farce descends into silliness.

Leaving the film, I felt a little bit too much like its subjects, pulled this way and that. I'd laughed, I'd scoffed, and I'd been disappointed.

Despite all their fancy footwork, Parker and Stone may have gotten their strings tangled.

Kaufman's eternal wit

by Sacha Narine

I'm poor. College-student poor.

I've got enough money to live comfortably and buy necessities, but what are necessities? Food, clothing, a place to live? What about. . . movies?

Yup. For me, movies are a necessity; therefore, my spending 30 bucks on the new *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* DVD was, technically, acceptable.

Eternal Sunshine is the fourth film from screenwriter Charlie Kaufman, whose brilliance demoralizes aspiring writers. We ask, how will we ever write anything so original, so exciting?

Getting past all that envy and self-doubt, we're hard-pressed to ignore the greatness of Kaufman's work. Here are my four-word reviews of his previous films:

Being John Malkovich—Groundbreaking, hilarious, clever, refreshing.

Human Nature—Bizarre, intriguing, sexy, disgusting.

Adaptation—Funny, real, unreal, smart.

In case you're not sure, those are all positive reviews. *Human Nature* isn't for everyone, but *Malkovich* and *Adaptation* are universally appealing. At least, I hope they are. I also hope, and believe, *Eternal Sunshine* will achieve fame as an exemplary fusion of great writing and wonderful visuals. Director Michel Gondry complements Kaufman's screenplay with kinetic images and organic special effects. The result is a film echoing truth while depicting visual unrealities. You can only understand when you've seen it.

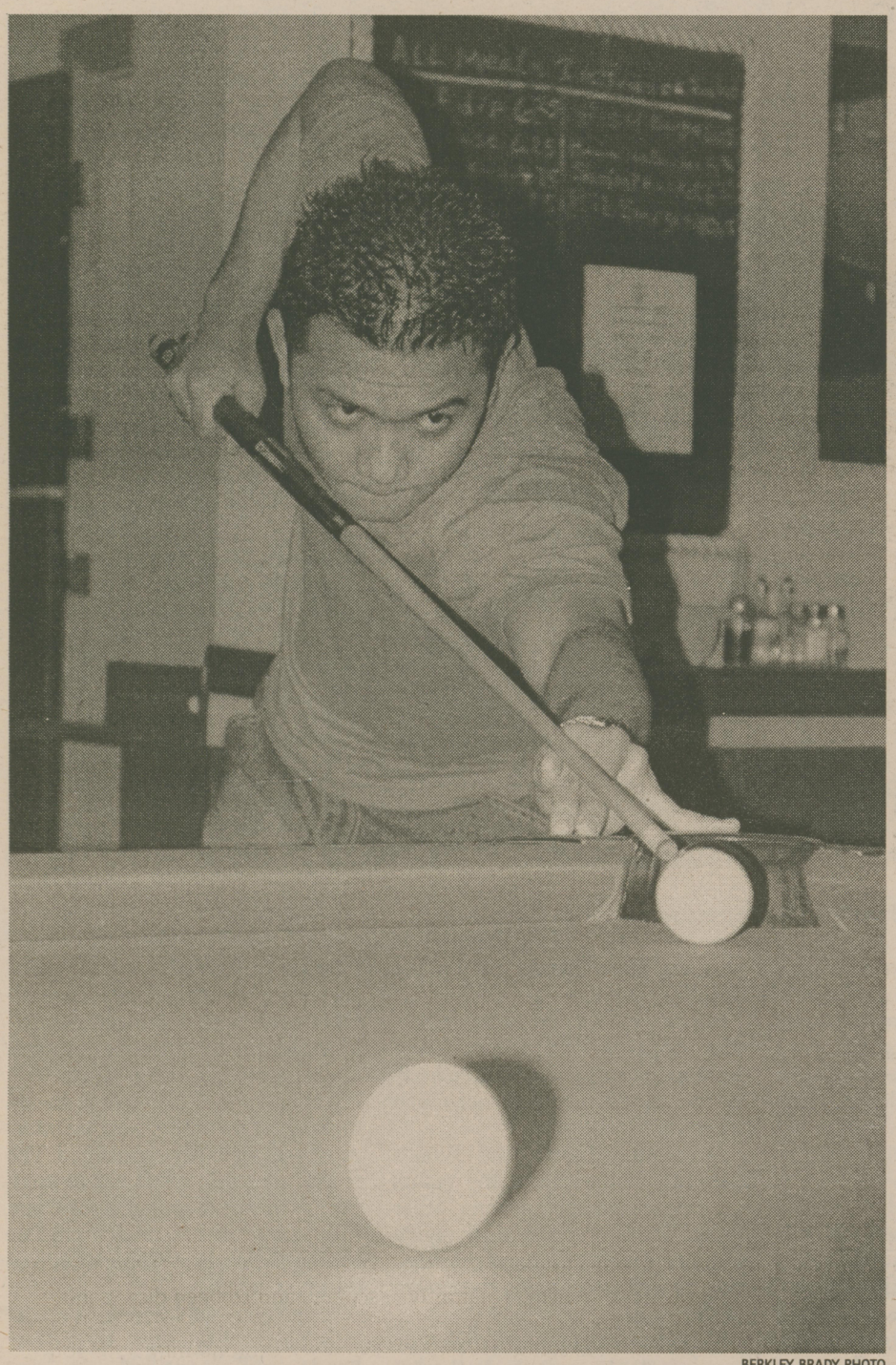
Early in the film, Joel (Jim Carrey) and Clementine (Kate Winslet) meet on a train. Joel's shyness hampers their conversation, but Clementine comes on strong and speaks plainly. They are opposing forces: a quiet, nervous man and a vocal, confident woman. They fall in love, but their relationship sours and Clementine decides to end it.

Their love story is an honest one, full of humour, truth, sadness and joy. We don't like Joel and Clementine because they're well-written (which they are), but because we can relate to them, because they're real people, because I am Joel and I knew girls like Clementine, and I remember all those tender, funny, beautiful moments.

The love story plays out unlike any movie I've seen, working backwards from a relationship's dying breath to its innocent origins. Kaufman has two primary gifts: smart dialogue that rings true and stories brimming with originality. Some of the film takes place in Joel's memory, and if you find that confusing, well, you're supposed to be confused.

The DVD itself is solid but not great. The special features include a short behind-the-scenes featurette, audio commentary, an inside-joke commercial for Lacuna Inc., deleted scenes, a strange music video, and an interview with Jim Carrey and Michel Gondry. The interview is the gold nugget, including video clips of Carrey and Winslet rehearsing lines, Carrey driving a motorized bed and a verbal account of a fight on-set. The featurette is entertaining, one of the deleted scenes is memorable, the music video is so-so and the commercial offers a quick laugh. But who cares? The film alone is worth your cash.

Searching Victoria's watering holes for pool sharks



BERKLEY BRADY PHOTO

Guppy or pool shark? It's never that easy to tell.

by Tim Curll

It's Friday night and I have a mission. I also have beer. Somewhere out there, in the deepest depths of Victoria, sharks are lying in wait for unsuspecting prey.

Me? I'm freaking Jacques Cousteau, and I'm gonna find them and shove a big ol' camera in their evil little eyes and broadcast it to the world. Metaphorically speaking, of course. Mostly, I'm gonna wander around pool halls, drink heavily and hope I find something I can spin into a decent story for the *Martlet*.

I decided to visit Peacock Billiards on Johnson Street downtown. The Peacock is big, well-lit, clean and comfortable. Dozens of tables stretch the length of the floor, each of them a work of art with green, red or blue felt, legs carved like leaping dolphins or lion's claws, and beaded, tasselled pockets. Price tags hang from each of the low-slung table lights. A few of the tables are worth more than my entire student loan. I grab a beer at the licensed end of the hall and head for the front counter.

"'Scuse me, this might seem sort of odd, but I'm doing a story for the *Martlet* and I was wondering if there was someone I could talk to about pool."

The guy at the counter eyed me for a second, then shrugged.

"*Martlet*?"

"University paper. UVic. I'm with the sports section and I'm doing a story about the local pool scene." This is technically the truth. Okay, so mostly I was looking for pool hustlers, but they're part of the local scene. Technically.

Twenty minutes later I had a list of names written on the back of a tournament schedule and an introduction to the only name on the list that happened to be there at the time.

Kenny Chung, a computer science major at Camosun, is one of the best young players in the city. He's in the local eight-ball league, went to the provincials last year and is sponsored by Peacock's. He's here a lot, apparently. He also seems excited at the idea of being in the paper, but not excited enough to stop playing and talk to me. I had to wait until the game was done, so it took a while. When the game was over, Kenny apologized, but said Friday wasn't a great time.

Apparently Monday night is the night for students interested in getting into the scene. That's the night of Peacock's handicap tournament for newer players.

Tuesday is BCA league night—hardcore players' night. And Wednesday is league night for the Victoria Eight-Ball Association, otherwise known as VEBA. This was where Kenny suggested I start.

A dozen or more teams battle it out in four divisions, ranging from the hardcore sharks in A division to folks who like a good excuse to knock back a few with their friends in D division. Kenny and Frank, whose team plays in B division, suggested I check out some of the action in C and D.

I wind up watching yet another long round of pool five days later. But I'm in the Esquimalt Legion this time. The barman wears a snazzy suit, and the beer is cheap, good and guilt-free, since the Legion uses the money for various philanthropic purposes.

Across the bar from me are The Sweethearts, the only all-female team in the league. Team leader Lara brought the team together a couple years ago as a sort of "Ladies Night Out." She explains the league to me in detail. Apparently all you need to join is seven players, $700, and a home venue with at least two standard-size pool tables reserved every Wednesday night. The venue usually sponsors the team and pays part of the entry fee as well. Most of the venues sponsor multiple teams, and if you want to start one, just find a place and ask. The league itself is non-profit, runs the tournaments, hands out awards and holds a dinner once a year for all players. The players range from elite and semi-pro to talented amateurs and recreational players out for fun, like the Sweethearts or their opponents for the night, the Red Lion Diegos.

Oh, and as for the hustlers and sharks I went out looking for, well, they're out there too. They mostly hang around the bars and play for beer. You can tell 'em from the way the play. They lose too easy, playing well except for a few stupid mistakes. It's the losing that's the real trick for a good hustler. None of them are big time here, and they won't rip you off too bad because they're generally out for a good time, just like you. As Lara put so succinctly, hustling in Victoria is simple:

"See a drunk, play for a pitcher, lose on purpose, then take him."

Did I mention she's single?

McGill's Scrabble champ

by Claire Crighton

MONTRÉAL(CUP)—Every university has gifted professors who have generated award-winning books and revolutionary research. McGill University, however, may be the only North American university to boast a world Scrabble champion among its faculty.

Joel Wapnick, a music professor, loves Scrabble. Wapnick is astoundingly good at the game, having won many prestigious tournaments and penned a book called *A Champion's Strategy for Winning at Scrabble Brand Crossword Game*. Dr. Wapnick seemed unable to tear himself away from the anagram program on his computer, compulsively translating the jumble of letters on the screen into obscure words within seconds.

What follows are the highlights of our wordy conversation.

The McGill Daily: Is Scrabble more a game of chance or of skill?

Joel Wapnick: It's more a game of skill, but it has a significant luck element in it. It's a very interesting game because no matter how good you are, you can lose to anybody. It's beyond total control, so going into the game—and not knowing if you're going to win or not, even though you might know that you're better than your opponent— there's a real challenge.

Daily: Do you have any favourite words that you've used to win?

Wapnick: I won the Canadian championship with the word "dracaena," which I think is a flower or a plant or something like that. It scored 149 points in the final game of the finals.

Daily: Is there any word you've been dying to use?

Wapnick: I'd love to play "oxazepam." That's a lot of points.

Daily: How do you prepare for a Scrabble tournament?

Wapnick: I have two ways. One way is by practising anagrams on my computer. I spend most of my time reciting. I practise an hour a day by taking a walk and rehearsing a list of 16,000 words. It's good for my body and it's good for my Scrabble mind.

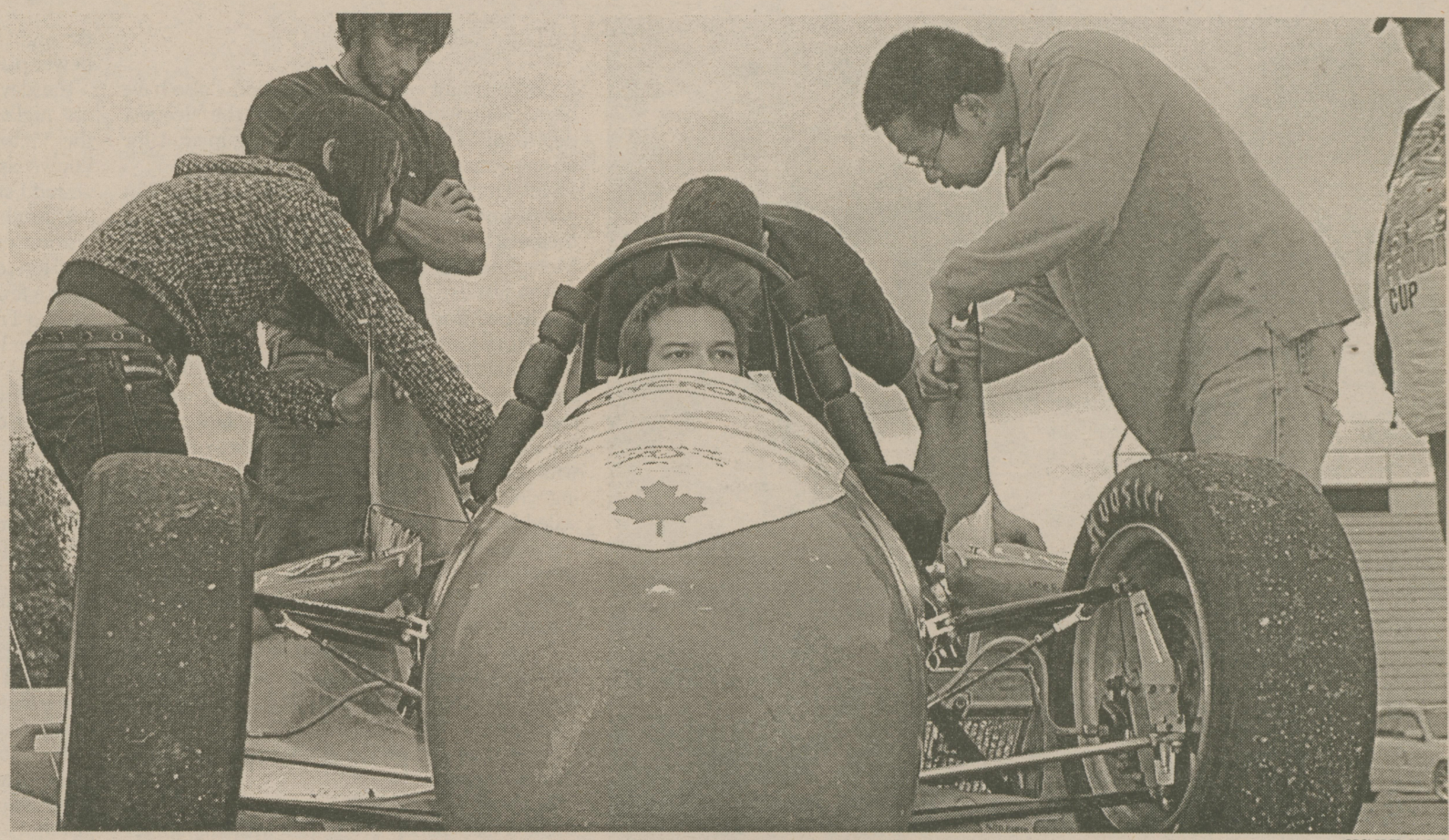
Daily: Is there any natural skill involved in being a good Scrabble player?

Wapnick: I think there is. You can study words forever, but if you don't have the ability to find things over the board, you won't become great. That may be what makes the game so intriguing. Being able to look at the board and find something that's hidden, some kind of eureka phenomenon. I played a word which was a fairly common word in one of my games —reships —but the E and the I were on the board, and the R had to go between an I and an E to make "ire," the S formed a two-letter word, the H formed a three-letter word, the P was by itself, and then there was an S . . . it was very hard to spot that. You can teach that to a certain degree. You can show people where to look and what to look for. You can teach people about premium squares and hot spots and things like that, but then there's always this natural ability that makes the difference between the great players and the not-so-great players.

UVic's Formula SAE team focuses on Britain

Bucket o' fun for the mechanically inclined and avid speedster

by Mike Berry



PROVIDED PHOTO

Speed demon Dean Scodellaro and team prepare for trials at Western Speedway.

It is UVic's underground sport.

You won't find posters up with dates of the team's competitions nor reports of their successes. But if you happened to be around the SUB the day of the Bug Push event, you would have seen them. They are UVic's Formula Society of Automotive Engineers (SAE) team.

It was an ominous Thanksgiving weekend. The ever-present Victoria rain clouds covered the sky. But on the seventh day, the Lord said, "Let there be light." Well, at least enough for UVic's team to rejoice. On that day they didn't rest—they grabbed their tools and car and headed to the Western Speedway. It was Oct. 10 and 'twas to be their last session of the season.

"The Western Speedway is mainly for testing," Dean Scodellaro, the drivetrain team leader, said. "It's just for the guys to get our car out and get our sponsors' names out."

Fine, so it's just for testing. How well does the car hold up?

Without any hesitation, Scodellaro replied, "We just destroy everybody."

Since 2002, each year a group of students affiliated with the University of Victoria design, construct and race an open-wheeled, open-cockpit race car. Currently the team is working on designs for its newest model, UV05 (the 2005 car, if you hadn't guessed).

Upon completion, and after the car has been thoroughly tested, the main competition, their raison d'être, can begin. Every year in May, an international competition is held in Detroit, Mich. It's a chance for more than 140 institutions from around the world to get together to display and test the true capabilities of their respective machines.

There are two types of events that take place in the motor city: static events where the team describes the design and specs of the car to a judge, and dynamic events that involve putting the car through different trials. They do not actually compete in a head-to-head race—that would be too costly.

This past year the team finished 81st out of 140, up from 86th in 2003.

UVic's placing at the international competition is all relative, Scodellaro said, "because there are teams out there with schools that have complete car design sections—for example, automotive design engineering."

The closest UVic has is mechanical engineering, he said.

"[Other students] are taking courses in engine design, which is ridiculous when you think, 'Holy crap—we're up against these guys.'"

Unfortunately, the team will not be making the competition in 2005. Scodellaro said the popularity of the competition in Detroit is becoming greater every year, and this year the team missed out on the deadline for entry.

But they have a new focus. In July, they hope to compete in Great Britain. For this endeavour, however, the team needs to garner much more sponsorship.

As mentioned earlier, the UV05 is currently underway in the team's on-campus garage. Among other things, the team plans on changing the foot clutch to a hand operated one, as well as changing the design of the frame.

But every year, new specs must be met in order to compete, so there is much work to be done. The UV04 cost approximately $36,300, which they are very grateful to their sponsors for providing. They have always been within budget, Scodellaro said, and by the looks of things, always proficient competitors.

Scodellaro said his team is always looking for members who are interested and seriously committed. The team isn't solely restricted to engineers. In the coming weeks you may still be able to catch them fine tuning their car at Centennial Stadium on campus.

"It's all personal interest. We're all into cars and we want to get our hands dirty," Scodellaro said. "You only have to drive it once and you're hooked. It's that much fun."

Canada's national soccer team out of qualifier for FIFA 2006

Why is it that Canada seems to lose year after year after year after year?

by David Karp

Being a Canadian soccer fan is painful. With last Wednesday's 3–1 defeat to Costa Rica, the national men's team failed to qualify for the 2006 World Cup. This comes as no surprise, as it is ranked 95th in the world. In fact, the only time Canada qualified for the men's World Cup was in 1986 and ended up losing all three matches in the tournament.

Why is Canada so bad? It isn't for lack of players to choose from. We have over 100 times Iceland's population, yet they rank ahead of us. We also have many skilled players playing at high levels around the world.

It seems our best players often don't take the national team seriously. Tomasz Radzinski, a top striker, has been very reluctant to play for Canada. He did not participate in the qualifying rounds for the last World Cup, refusing to miss any games for his club team. Radzinski rejoined Canada for this round of qualifying but has been critical of Canada's treatment of its players, saying, "They should stick their finger out of their ass and actually do something towards the players." Radzinski complained of poor flying arrangements from Europe, leaving players tired on the field.

Owen Hargreaves, a Calgary native, has starred in the World Cup, but not for Canada. Hargreaves chose to play for his father's native England. It is frustrating to see great players like Hargreaves not have the pride to play for their own country.

In the end, it all may come down to money. Canada's soccer budget is $13 million, which officials complain is not enough. They argue this is why players are stuck with poor flying arrangements. Also, because there isn't a major Canadian soccer league, Canadians rarely get to play together, so it is hard for the national team to gel.

These are all just excuses, though, and obviously opponents such as Honduras, Guatemala and Costa Rica face similar problems. Yet, we can never seem to win. Maybe we don't take soccer seriously enough—Honduras and El Salvador once went to war after a soccer riot.

Then again, maybe we should just take a lesson from our hockey success and plant a loonie in the grass at centre field.

Men's rugby swamped

by Tim Curll

Despite a good showing by the Vikes, the James Bay men's rugby squad walked away from MacDonald Field on Saturday with a clear victory. Final score: 48–9.

The Vikes were certain it was going to be a tough game going in. The league-leading James Bay squad had experience on their side, while the Vikes have been plagued by an unprecedented rash of player injuries. With ten of their varsity players injured and unable to play, the Vikes have been struggling to reorganize their team mid-season, resulting in "too many changes for a young team," according to UVic coach Doug Tate.

Reorganized or not, UVic still managed to scrap it out during the first half. James Bay scored first with an early try and conversion. Vikes kicker Dave Spicer kept UVic on the board with three successful penalties and a drop kick. The Vikes tried to maintain pressure, but by the second half they were down 20-9 and the situation looked grim.

The second half went even harder than the first for the Vikes. UVic was repeatedly pushed to and held in their end. Most of the half saw the Vikes defence digging in and fighting hard to keep James Bay from stretching their lead. James Bay poured on the pressure, and despite some excellent plays, the wounded Vikes were simply outmatched. UVic rallied repeated offences but was stopped every time.

While UVic was held scoreless in the second half, the James Bay Athletics Association managed a further 28 points, making for one of the worst losses the Vikes men's team had seen in years.

Despite the hard loss on Saturday, the Vikes are looking forward to getting several of their injured players back in the next week and retooling for their battle against the 2nd place Velox squad next Saturday at Velox Field.

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UVic men triumph

But does anyone really care?

by Tori Wong

There was a mystery at Centennial Stadium this past Saturday as the Vikes men's soccer team matched up against the UBC Thunderbirds.

Where were the spectators? School spirit? The guys won and won big (in soccer 2–0 is considered a rout). A victory against a school like UBC is nothing to be taken lightly, especially when the victory secured second place in the Canada West A division. How about a little pride for our teams?

Nobody can use the weather as an excuse. There was no sign of rain, and it was not overly cold. All that remained in the air was the mere lack of enthusiasm that put only a spattering of spectators in the bleachers. And the majority of them were young, local aspiring soccer players.

The Vikes looked good. They were passing crisply and always had control of the flow of the game. Will Moore, with an assist from Sean Battistoni, opened up the scoring, blasting a shot past the T'birds goaltender and into the net. The ensuing goal came on a penalty after Kyle Finner was dragged to the ground. Chris Craveiro took the shot and allowed the Vikes to take a 2–0 lead.

UVic's keeper, Trevor Stiles, was able to maintain the shutout with a skillful array of maneuvers. As shots were driven towards him, Stiles was able to defend the net with quick reflexes and geared-up agility. There were times when the T'birds came close, but Stiles was on fire and stopped everything coming his way.

The question is if there was this excitement, if there was this sheer winning mentality put forth by the Vikes, then why the lack of support? Maybe this is because soccer requires a little work to appreciate. It is hockey for the "thinking sports fan." As the lights remain out and appear to remain out for a while in hockey arenas across the country, this might be an opportunity for hockey fans to grow a little and gain an appreciation for this sport.

The Vikes are off to Alberta this weekend where they will face the Lethbridge Pronghorns on Saturday and the Calgary Dinos on Sunday.

AARON MCMILLAN PHOTO

UVic men's took UBC to a soccer clinic on Saturday. Diagnosis: the T'Birds' got the avian flu!

Classifieds

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African Drumming Workshop Sunday, UVic campus. Drums provided. For info call 384-DRUM.

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VOLUNTEERS WANTED

Considering Volunteering?
Give something back to your community, while having a great time doing it. Here at Recreation Integration Victoria we facilitate active lifestyles for people with disabilities. If you can spare 1-2 hours a week you may have the opportunity to change someone's life. To get involved or for more information, please call Danielle at 477-6314

ON CAMPUS

UVIC SUSTAINABILITY PROJECT MEETING OCT. 21. Do you wish to see a more sustainable UVic campus? The UVSP is holding a meeting Oct. 21 between 2:30-4:30 p.m. in SUB B110b where you can get information on and become involved in campus sustainability projects. for more info. call 721-7355 or email uvsp@uvic.ca

VIPIRG's Urban Agricultural Comittee is hosting an exciting workshop on seed saving. This is a free, hands-on workshop featuring local organic farmer, Rebecca Jehn. Monday Oct. 25, 5p.m. in SUB B025. Space is limited so please register via email agriculture@vipirg.ca .

Mountains Melting: A Photography Exhibit in Memory. Sat., Oct. 23, 7p.m.-10 p.m. SUB Upper lounge, UVic. Mountain Photography exhibit & sale of photographs by Steve Canning, a 4th year ES student who died May 23, 2004, descending from the summit of Mt. Logan. Raffle + silent auction of some sweet, sweet outdoors trips + gear. Showing of "SHRED", Steve's documentary on the dangerous sport of grass-skiing. Live music by Smeet + Co. 100 per cent profits to the Stephen Canning Memorial Scholarship Fund. Entrance by donation. Contact shandell@uvic.ca for info.

SPEAK OUT!
Interested in promoting awareness of human rights issues in Canada and abroad? Get involved with JOURNALISTS FOR HUMAN RIGHTS! (Not just for journalists) Meeting Wed. Oct. 13 at 4 p.m. Contact Bryna at jhr_uvic@yahoo.ca for more info.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Victoria Shakespeare Society and Theatre Mommy Inc. Presents "Hamlet" Directed and Adapted by Adrienne de Souza. From Oct. 22- Nov. 13 at Camosun College-Landsdowne Campus Young Building, Gibson Auditorium. Ticket prices $8/$11 and $6 Sunday Matinees. Box office (250) 721-8480 or www.victoriashakespearesociety.com

Victoria Writers' Society's monthly meeting Wednesday, November 3, 2004, 7:15 p.m., new horizons centre, 234 Menzies St., guest speaker Maggie DeVries, childrens' books editor/writer and author of "Missing Sarah." More information at www.victoriawriters.org or contact 385-3766.

Malahat by Lamplight features Arleen Pare and Linda Rogers, Thursday, Oct. 21, Lamplight Books 551-A Johnson St., Doors open at 7p.m. and reading at 7:30. Admission free, limited seating. Malahat by Lamplight is a 1st- and-3rd Thursday reading series sponsored by the Malahat Review, a publication of the University of Victoria.
www.malahatreview.com

Greater Victoria Police Choir. An organization comprised of Police Service and Commnity Members who give freely of their time to promote harmony, good will and to provide a better understanding between the police and the public, as well as to improve fraternal relations among the police services of the Greater Victoria. This choir is internationally renowned. Friday, Oct. 29 at 7:30 p.m. at St. Saviour's Anglican Church, 310 Henry Street, Third Rt. off the Bay Street Bridge.

Victoria Hindu temple presents an exciting evening of dance & music "Diwali 2004." Oct. 30 at 7 p.m. at University Centre. Tickets: $10, $8 children (under 12).
Contact Usha Agarwal for tickets: 384-1521

VENUS RISING!
The Greater Vancouver Island Sculptors Guild will have an exhibit and sale of sculpture created from a variety of materials to capture man's whimsical, emotional and imaginative relationship with the sea at The Maritime Museum of BC, Bastion Square, Victoria. Show runs until Oct. 17. Hours are daily from 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Call (250) 642-6065.

Good-Hearted Volunteers Needed!
At Recreation Integration Victoria we facilitate active lifestyles for people with disabilities. By making only a small time commitment, you could have the power to change someone's life. Looking for volunteers to provide one-on-one assistance for people with disabilities in a recreational setting. To get involved or for more information, please call Dustin at 477-6314

MENTORS NEEDED
Mentor an elementary student 1 hr/week. Play games, sports, make crafts, read and cook. For more info. call Bonnie at Big Brothers Big Sisters 475-1117, ext. 46

Be a Human Rights Observer in Chiapas, Mexico. Training session Oct. 22-24, Sponsored by the Building Bridges Human Rights Project in Chiapas. call 384-7843

FOR SALE

OPERA TICKET - One $70 ticket to *Norma* on Sat., Oct. 16, yours for only $25! Call 592-2721.

POOL TABLE - Not slate top. Felt is in great shape. Two cues, billboard and snooker balls. $200 obo. 721-2523
FREE-HIDE-A-BED - No tears or holes. Needs a little cleaning. 721-2523.

1988 Toyota Tercel. Runs well. Good student transportation. $1,200 call 658-2783.

Mountain Bike. Specialized Ground Controll. Full suspension, 24 speed Deore XT. Like new. $675 Tim, 995-3191.

Smith Corona XD 4800 English/French Word Processing Typewriter, with 75,000 word Dictionary, in A1 condition. Includes extra ribbon, metal typewriter table and Living French Language Course all for $100. Contact Eric Dowse at eedowse@shaw.ca Phone 592-9766 or FAX 592-9763

HEY YOU!

ADIDAS: All Day I Dream About...Steph.

Sweetie! Your interpretive dance of *The Matrix* will keep me smiling for months.

Suzie, don't forget your sandwiches!

Hey, you! Bajan Monkey thinks hamsters are wuvly.

Hey, you! You know who you are. You can put your joystick up my analog any time!

Charles Darwin says the gene pool could do with a little more chlorine....

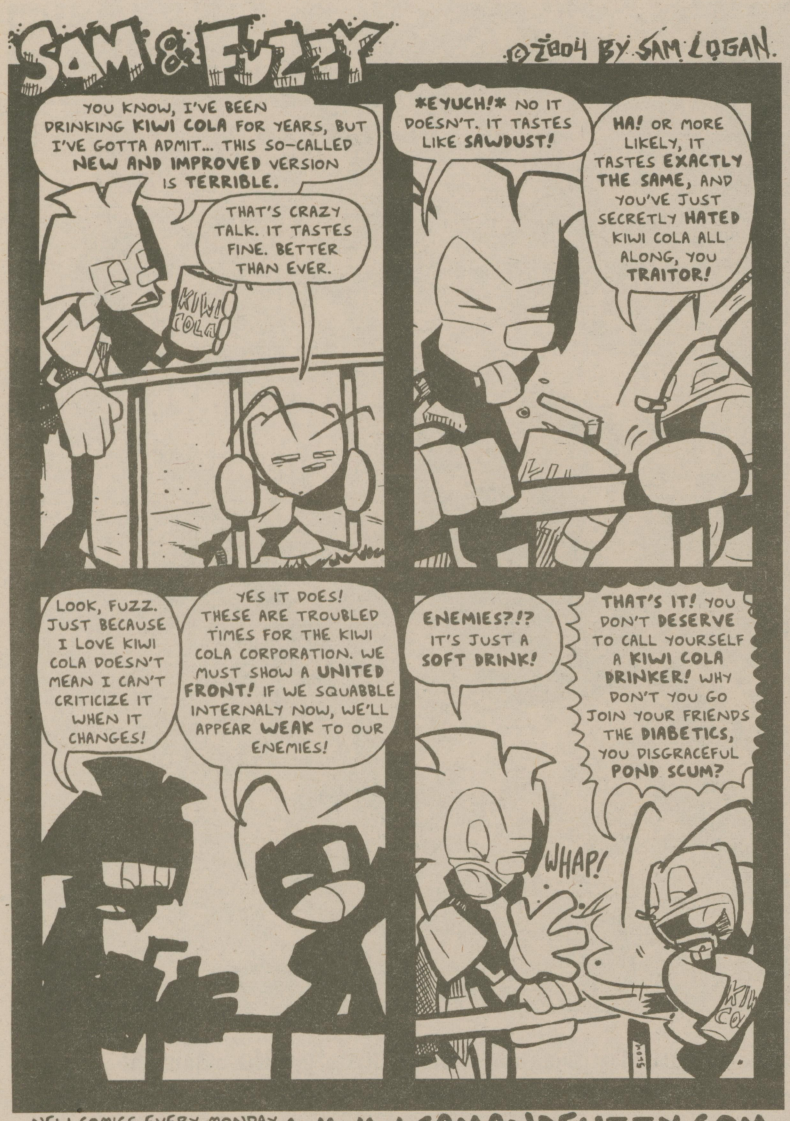
The date was going well until she whipped out that sandstone strap-on.

Mr. Sun! Where did you go? I'm sorry. Please come the fuck home.

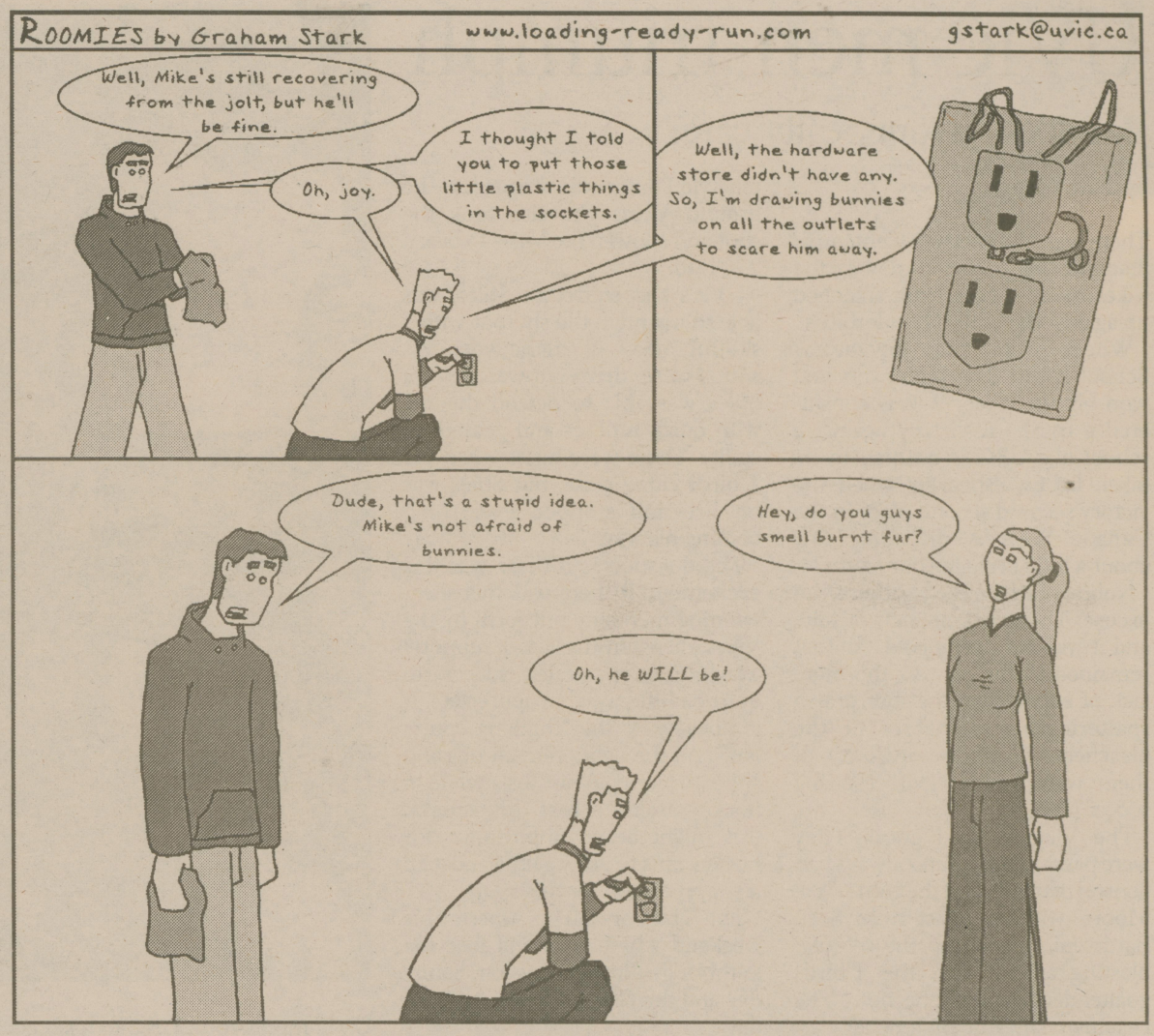
Hey, you! The *Martlet* is currently soliciting submissions for future articles. Drop us a line at feats@martlet.ca

CLASSIFIED RATES

Students and clubs | $2/issue
Non-students | $2/line
Businesses | $6/line
Hey you! | free

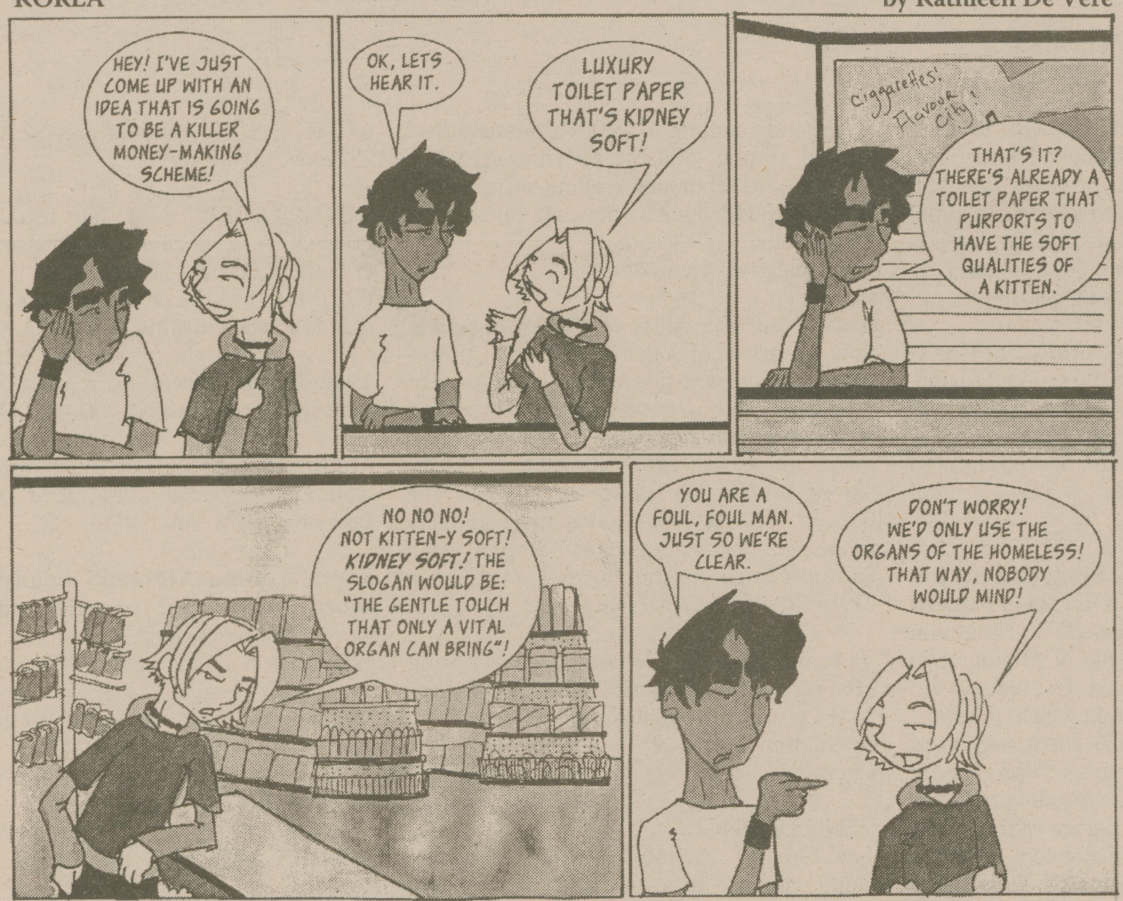

SAM & FUZZY
©2004 BY SAM LOGAN
YOU KNOW, I'VE BEEN DRINKING KIWI COLA FOR YEARS, BUT I'VE GOTTA ADMIT... THIS SO-CALLED NEW AND IMPROVED VERSION IS TERRIBLE.
THAT'S CRAZY TALK. IT TASTES FINE. BETTER THAN EVER.
KIWI COLA
EYUCH! NO IT DOESN'T. IT TASTES LIKE SAWDUST!
HA! OR MORE LIKELY, IT TASTES EXACTLY THE SAME, AND YOU'VE JUST SECRETLY HATED KIWI COLA ALL ALONG, YOU TRAITOR!
LOOK, FUZZ. JUST BECAUSE I LOVE KIWI COLA DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T CRITICIZE IT WHEN IT CHANGES!
YES IT DOES! THESE ARE TROUBLED TIMES FOR THE KIWI COLA CORPORATION. WE MUST SHOW A UNITED FRONT! IF WE SQUABBLE INTERNALY NOW, WE'LL APPEAR WEAK TO OUR ENEMIES!
ENEMIES?!? IT'S JUST A SOFT DRINK!
THAT'S IT! YOU DON'T DESERVE TO CALL YOURSELF A KIWI COLA DRINKER! WHY DON'T YOU GO JOIN YOUR FRIENDS THE DIABETICS, YOU DISGRACEFUL POND SCUM?
WHAP!
KIWI COLA

NEW COMICS EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY AT: WWW.SAMANDFUZZY.COM

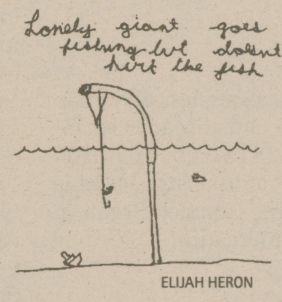

ROOMIES by Graham Stark
www.loading-ready-run.com
gstark@uvic.ca
Well, Mike's still recovering from the jolt, but he'll be fine.
Oh, joy.
I thought I told you to put those little plastic things in the sockets.
Well, the hardware store didn't have any. So, I'm drawing bunnies on all the outlets to scare him away.
Dude, that's a stupid idea. Mike's not afraid of bunnies.
Oh, he WILL be!
Hey, do you guys smell burnt fur?

KOREA

by Kathleen De Vere


HEY! I'VE JUST COME UP WITH AN IDEA THAT IS GOING TO BE A KILLER MONEY-MAKING SCHEME!
OK, LETS HEAR IT.
LUXURY TOILET PAPER THAT'S KIDNEY SOFT!
Cigarettes. Flavour City!
THAT'S IT? THERE'S ALREADY A TOILET PAPER THAT PURPORTS TO HAVE THE SOFT QUALITIES OF A KITTEN.
NO NO NO! NOT KITTEN-Y SOFT! KIDNEY SOFT! THE SLOGAN WOULD BE: "THE GENTLE TOUCH THAT ONLY A VITAL ORGAN CAN BRING"!
YOU ARE A FOUL, FOUL MAN. JUST SO WE'RE CLEAR.
DON'T WORRY! WE'D ONLY USE THE ORGANS OF THE HOMELESS! THAT WAY, NOBODY WOULD MIND!

I'VE BECOME UNCERTAIN
by Ryan Pequin
I'm confused and I can't vocalize why.
Life feels sort of empty.
Pointless.
I'm not depressed or even sad. I just feel like nothing is certain.
I'm not sure if I care very much about school, or if I'm having fun here.
The thought that I might not stay at UVic next year makes it hard to sink my teeth into my work.
School
Because if it's all for nothing, why stress over it?
But what if I do stay? And all my work sucks?
maybe i'm just lazy
To be honest, I have no idea whether I'm doing good or bad.
I haven't seen a single graded piece of work while I've been here!
I guess I'm just not that sort of artist.
No one cares about skill.
Everything is just about ideas. I can understand that, I guess.
But I want to learn techniques - increase my artistic abilities.
I'm not sure I'm doing that here.
maybe in drawing.
I can learn to appreciate art on my own.
I think.
Not only that, but my dorm - or at least the floor I live on - is pretty dead.
I don't really know anyone yet. It's a bit lonely.
oh well.



ELIJAH HERON

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...comics to the *Martlet*, that is.

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Give. Now. Comics. Your. Us.

Drop them off at SUB B011, or,
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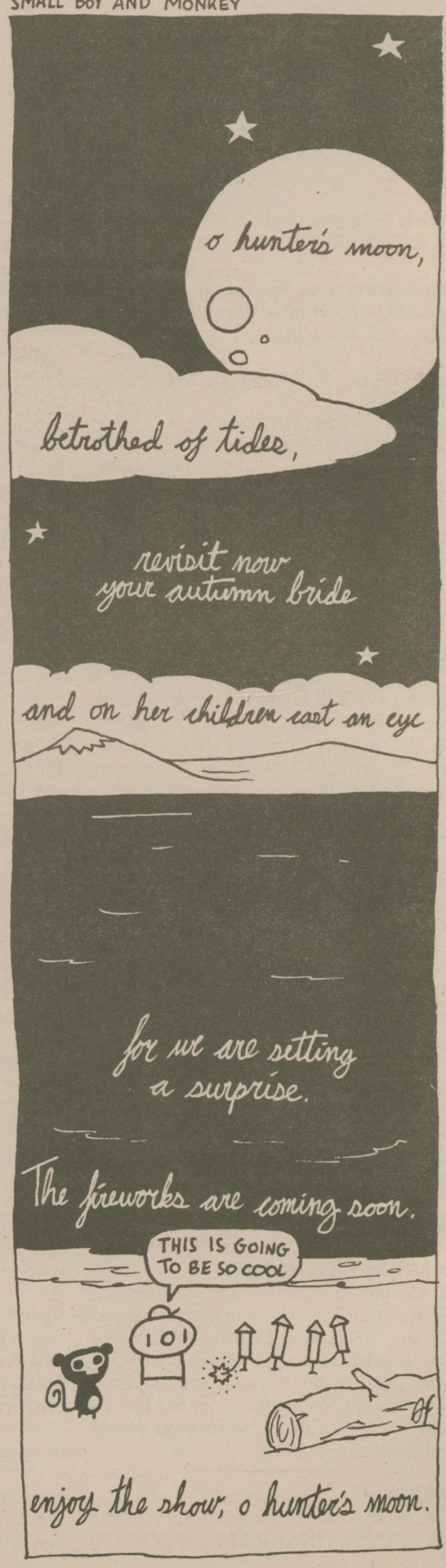
This message brought to you by:

The Man Behind the Curtain

Pay no attention.

SMALL BOY AND MONKEY


o hunter's moon,
betrothed of tides,
revisit now your autumn bride
and on her children cast an eye
for we are setting a surprise.
The fireworks are coming soon.
THIS IS GOING TO BE SO COOL
enjoy the show, o hunter's moon.